

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 30, 1956

America's National Sports Weekly

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BY WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Illustrated by ED VEBELL



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Cover, Street doubles ▶

On pages 37 to 42 Bill Tubert, whose book *The Game of Doubles in Tennis* is the best on the subject, tells how to get as much fun from mixed doubles as he and his wife do.

Illustration by Ed Yehli

Next week

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



ALL-STAR GAME

HOW THE TWO TEAMS WERE CHOSEN BY THE VOTES OF THE TWO SIDES



▶ Faces will replace these question marks on our next week's cover: four top players from each league, the winners in the players' own vote for the All-Star starting lineups.

▶ Soccer is the biggest international sport, and this weekend the El-mation World Cup reaches its climax. Watch for vivid pictures with a cable report from John Muliken.

▶ Virginia Kraft visits and reports on the TVA area which, 25 years after its controversial birth, has no rival in the whole world as a man-made recreational paradise.

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MEMO from the publisher



JULY claims fame for its Fourth and the All-Star Baseball Game, but also this year, as I suppose everyone must know by now, for being National Hot Dog Month. In honor of that and in overdue recognition of the hot dog's place in sport, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** next week presents a hot dog portrait—with words and a most realistic photograph, which will help anybody who doesn't know one when he sees one.

As for the All-Star Game, it's on the cover, which leads off the **PIN-UP** by showing four of the top stars in each league. Then there is a pictorial review of the contest's high points since it began in Chicago a quarter century ago. Plus a **SCOUTING REPORT** and a few words for the unwise who in this year of 1958 may be watching not only the All-Stars but baseball players for the first time.

Like the All-Star Game, the Tennessee Valley Authority is celebrating its silver anniversary this year. Twenty-five years ago the U.S. created TVA to produce power, aid navigation and control floods. Without ever removing itself entirely from the maelstrom of controversy which surrounded its birth, TVA has done what

it was designed to do. It has also, more or less with its left hand, brought into being an incomparable playground. It has turned a wilderness of water, forest and mountains into a wonderland of lakes, streams and trails, with items as diverse as baby-sitting facilities and world record fish—and people who enjoy telling the visitor honestly where he is most likely to locate both.

For vacationers the Tennessee Valley hits its zenith in summer. Next week Virginia Kraft, repatriated from her African safari (SI, March 10), writes a comprehensive guide to the valley, half of it for those who go by land and car, half for those who go by water and boat and all of it for those who may doubt the advantages of seeing America first.

When the Fourth comes and the All-Star Game comes and thousands upon thousands go to the Tennessee Valley, it's midsummer. So next week's issue says it again in six color pages called **Midwest Midsummer**. They're what Photographer Richard Meek found when he was just wandering from Ohio to Nebraska with a camera. They are as American as the hot dog and, I guess we'll have to admit it, visually more rewarding.

Unless, of course, it's the last of the seventh and you're very hungry.

Harry Phillips

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Jimmy Jemal's HOTBOX

THE QUESTION: *Do you think professionals should be allowed to compete with amateurs in sports car racing?*
(Asked of members of the Sports Car Club of America)



JIM KIMBERLY
Past president
SCCA
Chicago

No. Our club is for the little fellows. If we race the pros we would eventually find ourselves promoting the big names. The little fellows would soon be forgotten. The pros are backed by owners with better equipment and few amateurs could compete with such opposition.



EMANUEL POPULADY
Freeport, N.Y.

Yes, and no. The pros should be allowed to race in the modified classes, where the cars, for all practical purposes, are suitable for racing only on a closed circuit. They should not be allowed to race with the amateurs in the straight production models that operate on highways.



DR. RICHARD THOMPSON JR.
Washington, D.C.

Yes, to raise the quality of racing. Amateur drivers have gotten to the point where, to improve their efficiency, they must drive more often than their finances will allow. Without the pros, we won't get the bigger cars, and good crowds, and the sport will suffer.



EDWARD J. WALSH JR.
President, SCCA
St. Louis, Mo.

No. It is basic that SCCA should be amateur. Our members work hard to put on races and are not paid for their efforts. Why should we work for drivers who are paid to compete? It's not right for amateurs to drive for a cup and let the pros cash in on their show for pay.



CHARLIE WALLACE
N. Chery Chase, Md.

Yes. We do it every year at Sebring in Florida, but the amateurs sign a release before the races and the cash they may win is given to recognized charities. Last year, another driver and I won \$5,500. My amateur standing with the SCCA was not affected.



COLONEL FREDERICK MOORE
USAF
Arlington, Va.

No. Cars driven by professionals are usually owned by dealers whose prime interest is sales. They don't care about things like smashed fenders and other damage, and they will drive into situations I'd never think of tackling because I own my own car.



CARROLL SHELBY
Dallas

Yes. Racing has now become a pretty big thing and can't be kept down to the level of a Sunday amateur sport. There are too many drivers around who are willing to make their living racing, but they have to be given some incentive bigger than a cup to drive.



ED CRAWFORD
Northfield, Ill.

No. Procedures are entirely different for pros and amateurs. I'm not in favor of an open for pros and amateurs unless some authority like the FIA defines the specific rules—the status of the amateur after the race, the physical running of the race, etc.



DAN GURNEY
Riverside, Calif.

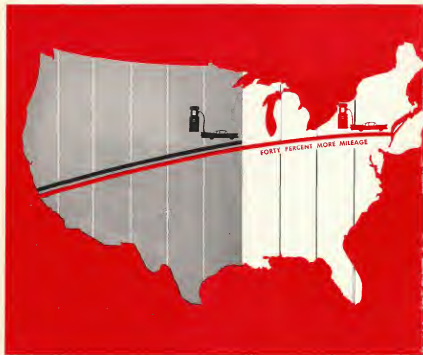
Professionals compete on the same program with amateurs in most countries. If you wish to remain an amateur, all you have to do is to refuse to accept prize money. Those who oppose mixed competition forget the fans. Without good competition, the fans won't come out.



BILL LLOYD
Chairman of the Control Board
SCCA
Southport, Conn.

Not now. I doubt that an open for racing would be as practical as that in golf and possibly tennis. Both pros and amateurs belong to the SCCA, and a few pros are now trying to use the amateurs to cash in on a so-called "open" competition. Actually, few amateurs can beat the pros.

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The aluminum engine is literally "just down the road." Right now, automobile experts are testing aluminum engines that weigh up to 60% less than those in use today. When you stop to think that today's engines account for 20% of total chassis weight, you can appreciate the weight-saving significance of the aluminum engine.

And you can see why automobile experts are forecasting these potential benefits.

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The number one benefit of the aluminum engine is *economy* in operation with emphasis on *more miles to the gallon*.

30% more miles? 40% more miles? 50% more miles? The answer will depend on final design and established compression ratio. The most accurate estimate is approximately a 40% increase in gasoline mileage... a most significant economy figure in the trend these days toward the "second" car, super highways and increased travel and recreation time.

IS ECONOMY THE ONLY STORY? WHAT ABOUT PERFORMANCE AND SAFETY?

The aluminum engine holds more for your future than gasoline economy alone. There's an economy story in *longer engine life*, too. Aluminum gets rid of heat faster. Engineers call it *superior heat dissipation* and they've proved it with aluminum pistons and the new high-performance, aluminum

brake drums. And because heat is distributed more evenly in the aluminum engine, valves run cooler —last longer. Pre-ignition is minimized. Hot spots are eliminated. Spark plug performance improved.

Improved performance? Yes, the aluminum engine will contribute here. Weight-saving is the main reason why. Lighter cars are more responsive to the throttle. For example, it is possible to cut a car's hill-climbing time in half by reducing its weight only 11%. And tests between two cars identical except for 400 pounds difference in weight proved the lighter car accelerated and decelerated 20-25% faster.

Improved safety? Yes. The lighter car starts faster, stops in less time, is easier to handle and control. These characteristics go hand in hand with safety and are improved by weight reduction made possible by aluminum.

A PROGRESS REPORT AND A PROMISE

Automobile designers and engineers know that any car has a better chance of performing better if it is lighter. That's why these experts are designing more and more aluminum into today's fine cars. In fact, 400% more today than just a few years ago.

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June 29 100 Miglia di Monza, Italy.

July 4 Pikes Peak Hill Climb, Pikes Peak, Colo.

July 6 French Grand Prix, Reims, France.

July 19 British Grand Prix, Silverstone, England.

July 25-27 SCCA National POR Rally, Detroit.

Aug. 2 Little Le Mans, Lime Rock Park, Conn.

Aug. 3 USAC 100-mile race (big cars), Detroit.

Aug. 3 German Grand Prix, Nürburgring, Germany.

Aug. 10 Swedish Grand Prix (sports cars), Karlskrona, Sweden.

Aug. 16 USAC 100-mile race (big cars), Springfield, Ill.

Aug. 16 SCCA National Races, Milwaukee.

Aug. 22-24 SCCA National Berkshire Mountain Rally, South Lee, Mass.

Aug. 24 Portuguese Grand Prix, Lisbon, Portugal.

Aug. 24 USAC 200-mile race (big cars), Milwaukee.

Aug. 29-Sept. 1 National Hot Rod races, Oklahoma City.

Sept. 1 USAC 160-mile race (big cars), DuQuoin, Ill.

Sept. 6 USAC 100-mile race (big cars), Syracuse, N.Y.

Sept. 6, 7 SCCA National Races, Elkhart Lake, Wis.

Sept. 7 Italian Grand Prix, Monza, Italy.

Sept. 12-14 SCCA National Continental Divide Rally, Colo.

Sept. 12 Tourist Trophy (sports cars), Great Britain.

Sept. 13 USAC 100-mile race (big cars), Indianapolis.

Sept. 20 SCCA National Races, Watkins Glen, N.Y.

Sept. 20, 21 SCCA National Michigan Miglia Rally.

Sept. 21 Berlin Grand Prix, Avus Track, Berlin, Germany.

Sept. 28 USAC 100-mile race (big cars), Trenton, N.J.

Oct. 4, 5 SCCA National Races, Denville, Va.

Oct. 10-12 SCCA National Rip Van Winkle Rally, New York.

Oct. 11, 12 United States Grand Prix (sports cars), Riverside, Calif.

Oct. 24-26 SCCA National Flaming Fall Rally, Kansas City, Mo.

Nov. 7-9 SCCA National Appalachian Rally, Pa.

Nov. 9 Venezuelan Grand Prix (sports cars), Caracas, Venezuela.

Nov. 30-Dec. 8 Speed Week (sports cars), Nassau, Bahamas.

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The plain truth about chess

The real game, revealed in the hard, clear light of world play, is neither ponderous nor mysterious and you needn't be a genius to play it

LAST MONTH in Moscow, when the Russian Mikhail Botvinnik regained his world chess championship, the display of ill temper and poor sportsmanship by the conquered defender, Vassily Smyslov, caused hardly a stir. What matter that Smyslov let spectators stand in line for hours for the final match before offering a draw to Botvinnik in a curt telephone call? What matter, too, that he gave no apology or even congratulated Botvinnik? The game was chess, and in chess, the championship variety anyway, contrary to the popular impression, there is nothing quite so ordinary as a breach of good manners.

This comes as a shock perhaps to those—and they comprise a majority of the people in the world—who consider chess a never-never land of decorum and model behavior. It isn't, any more than it is an exclusive fraternity for great minds. The popular conception of the anything-but-average chess player conjures up a picture of a strange and gifted creature, who is at once the possessor of infinite patience, courtly manners, a profound capacity for concentration, a phenomenal mastery of mathematics and a sweeping command of strategy that would rank favorably with the generalship of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The man never existed, nor did the game which he is supposed to have played. According to the widely held misconception, chess is immensely difficult to learn. Each single contest takes many hours to play, with interminable pauses between moves; and months after an ordinary game, both players can recall the exact sequence of moves.

Wrong again. No chess player, living or dead, would recognize this portrait as anything but a vulgar travesty of the game as it is actually played. Its correspondence to reality is about as faint as that of a Hollywood musical film to collegiate life. But where the

gay parody of college attracts young people, the solemn caricature of chess unfortunately repels them.

Real chess differs in at least 10 important ways from the mythological game most people mistakenly believe in. Here, not necessarily in order of importance, are the facts.

1) Chess is, on the whole, a young man's game.

Larry Evans and Arthur Bisguier both won the U.S. Open championship by the age of 20. William Lombardy, world junior champion, is only 19. Max Euwe was the leading Dutch player at 20. And Wilhelm Steinitz represented Austria in the international tournament in London when he was 26.

Chess, on the other hand, is not the game of prodigies it is thought to be. There have been only a few in the last 100 years: Paul Morphy, the

American Master, who began trouncing tournament players when he was 12; José Capablanca, who won the Cuban championship at the same age; Samuel Reshevsky, who toured Europe at the age of 8, beating as many as 18 opponents out of 20 in simultaneous exhibitions; Bobby Fischer, the 15-year-old U.S. champion, who evokes memories of both Capablanca and Morphy; and now 5-year-old Ernest Kim of Tashkent, U.S.S.R. (SI, June 9).

A LIMITATION OF GIFTS

2) Most chess experts are not especially gifted in other areas.

Of the four greatest players in the last hundred years—Morphy was a failure as a lawyer; Steinitz, the world champion for 28 years, died as a charity patient in the hospital on Wards Island, N.Y.; Capablanca was subsidized by the government of Cuba and did little but flirt and shoot pool when he was not playing chess; and Dr. Alexandre Alekhine, only 15 days before his death, said: "I am

continued



"Would you direct us to the lump sugar?"

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think faster than any other group chosen at random.

Richard Réti, a Grand Master and a leader of the "modern" school of chess, was once asked how far ahead he had to calculate in a serious game. "Only two moves," he answered. This was perhaps an exaggeration, but he was indicating the importance of creative grasp as against book knowledge of the game. The two world champions, Lasker and Capablanca, rarely looked at chess books.

Because memory and rote are less important than originality and vision, the age of the chess robot is not seriously feared by players. According to Norbert Wiener, in his book *Cybernetics*, the electronic chess-playing machine "would probably win over a stupid or careless chess player but would almost certainly lose to a careful player of any considerable degree of proficiency."

7) Chess strategy is only superficially similar to war.

Because the march of pieces up the board seems to resemble a military advance, it is commonly thought that chess is a harmless form of warfare.

In his historical analysis in *The Adventure of Chess*, Edward Lasker makes the definitive distinction between chess and war: "When we see a great general play bad chess, we must remember that military strategy and chess strategy are related only in a superficial sense. Both are guided by the same general strategic principles, but their application produces entirely different conclusions. . . . The fighting units and the final aim

are of a totally different character."

8) Each game does not take a long time to play.

The average game of chess is ended well under an hour—about the same length of time it takes to play a single rubber of bridge and less than it generally takes to conclude a game of Scrabble. Generally speaking, the poorer the players, the longer the game—which is as true for bridge.

The beginner deliberates for an unduly long time because he is not aware that certain replies are forced, and he is bewildered by an apparent multiplicity of possible moves. But, as the fog lifts, he begins to see that, in many positions, only one correct move is possible—and he saves his deliberations for truly difficult positions. Unlike the beginner, who will play on doggedly despite his helpless position, the advanced player will resign when he sees that his position is clearly lost, preferring to play a new game.

NO TIME-CONSUMING BORE

9) Tournament chess is not a long-drawn-out affair.

Since the introduction of the double-fast time clock around 1880, most tournament players must make an average of one move every three or four minutes, or from 15 to 20 moves an hour. These moves may be saved, however, so that a player may make six rapid moves and then deliberate for 10 minutes on a complex line of play. Like the bridge expert, the chess master plays automatically much of the time—and, again like the bridge expert who spreads the hand and claims the rest of the tricks, the chess master will quickly announce "mate"

in three or four moves, to save time.

Among the famous quickie games since 1890 are World Champion Lasker's loss in 14 moves to Caro at Berlin. Tartakower, a Grand Master who has written a score of books on chess, was checkmated by Réti in 10 moves.

10) Chess is not a difficult game to learn.

If this statement, which is generally received with snorts of derisive disbelief, is true, why then does chess seem so difficult to the observer?

Try taking a foreigner to a baseball game, and the reason will become evident. He is bewildered, and he should be. Nobody teaches a child to play baseball by putting him on third base in a full-dress game. A boy is first taken out to the yard and taught to throw and catch a ball with only one other person. Then he is taught how to swing a bat—and only after he has mastered the rudiments of throwing, catching and batting is he permitted to enter a game.

Chess has earned its dreadful reputation as a difficult game almost wholly because it is badly taught. As long ago as 1901, H. G. Wells pointed out in an essay, "Concerning Chess": "Chess is taught the wrong way round. People put out the board before the learner with all the men in battle array, 16 to a side, with six different kinds of moves, and the poor wretch is simply crushed and appalled. . . . But clearly this is an unreasonable method of instruction. Before the beginner can understand the beginning of the game, he must surely understand the end; how can he commence playing until he knows what he is playing for? It is like starting athletes on a race and leaving them to find out where the winning-post is hidden."

Most people's reaction to chess depends primarily on their initial introduction to the game. Many potential players have probably been ruined by overzealous parents and teachers who wanted their charge to progress too fast and succeeded only in turning the game into a chore or, even worse, a bore. It, of course, needn't be—unless you happen to meet that elderly gentleman with the graying beard and bifocals, sitting in his study club, sipping on brandy and acting out his part as the profound thinker, the master of mathematics and the supreme strategist, all rolled into one. It is then you must stop to remember he is only a myth.

—SIDNEY J. HARRIS



"The heavyweight division isn't what it used to be!"

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—AUSTRALIA'S IRIS LUTTE, AMERICA'S GLENN DAVIS and HARRY CONNOLLY turned in some spectacular world record-breaking at AAU meet in Burbank, Calif. (June 20-21): Lutte, like Aussie youngster with stopwatch legs and head to match, pushed ahead of embroiled Countryman Merv Lincoln to win mile in 3:47.6, one-tenth of second under John Lundy's listed world standard but officially equal to mark under rules of IAAF, which does not recognize tenths of second beyond 1,000 yards. Ohio State's Davis, who week earlier clubbed world record for 100, turned talented feet to 440-yard hurdles, sped guide over obstacles in 29.9; Connolly, despite ailing shoulder, hoisted and twirled hammer 325 feet 4 inches.

YOLANDA DALAK, Hungarian jumping jill, moving ever upward, measured over bar at 5 feet 10½ inches at Budapest, raised own 100-week-old world mark (June 22).

BOAT RACING, early-ripped superb wrestler from York, Pa. lifted 900 pounds, surpassed world record for 132-pound class in AAU weight lifting championships at Los Angeles (June 22).

CHRIS VON SALTA, perky blonde Californian, hustled through 100-yard freestyle in 56.6 at Santa Clara, took almost two seconds off own U.S. mark (June 22).

TRACK & FIELD—U.S. stars, with one grateful eye on Moscow, struck off top-drawer performance at AAU meet at Bakersfield, served notice on Soviet hosts that they would be hearing more than gifts when they arrived in July (see page 34).

BOATING—PENNSYLVANIA, Carleton Matchells for little yawl, glided across finish line in 3:05:03.38 corrected time, snatched Bermuda Trophy away from Cuba. Ratsey's Gullwing at end of 48-minute Newport-to-Bermuda race (see page 12).

BASEBALL—NEW YORK YANKEES, after two black days in Detroit and with ailing Mickey Vernon badly hurting his weight left-handed, opened Tigers 17-9, were still sold 8½ games in front as opposition continued to fall off. Kansas City, beaten three straight by Baltimore, swept three from Boston to regain second, found cloud-riding Detroit only game behind.

NATIONAL LEAGUE race began to tighten up but only because all-eight teams, including Milwaukee, showed reluctance to take charge. Braves had their troubles with St. Louis, losing two out of three, but retained 1½ games ahead of hunching San Francisco. Cincinnati got well-pitched 4-1 win over Cards from Don Newcombe, moved into third, late percentage points ahead of St. Louis and Pittsburgh.

BOXING—MICK DUGAN, first to burst heavyweight Alex Muste's lentils bubble, bled freely from nose and eye at early rounds, parked up strength and skill when flow was stopped by expert Cutman Freddy Brown to outbox judoer Bob Baker in 10-round at Syracuse, N.Y.

YAMA BAHAMA, Bimini fishing guide who scarcely qualifies as tiger, slowed old-time mambo dancer Kai Gavilan down to gentle shuffle with stiff jabs and rocking rights, punched out 10-round decision at Miami Beach. "I may retire," said weary and washed up Gavilan, who then took off for New York, where he inherited joint CBS-men Truman Gibson and Harry Markson before Grand Jury investigating boxing's dirty business.

BADMINTON—INDONESIA, inspired by victories over Denmark and Thailand, swept overconfident Malaysia, wrested Thomas Cup from perennial champions at Singapore to bring first world title and first good news in months to troubled young republic.

HORSE RACING—FIVE WAY, Calumet's Derby and Freshman winner who broke down in Belmont, underwent operation for removal of loose chips from injured right foreleg under watchful eye of Trainer Jimmy Jones at Philadelphia's U of Pennsylvania School of Veterinary Medicine, less than 48 hours later was hobnobbing around "like a rolt," may still return to races after six-month recuperation at Lexington, Ky. Meanwhile, old Tim Tam bred Silky Sullivan, who 3-40 photo of weedy Irish beauty at Churchill Downs and Pimlico, was sent out to kick up his heels in six-furlong sprint at Hollywood Park but was up to old tricks, shaved them to only one home as he finished ninth. Instead loyal Trainer Reggie Cornell "He's a nice horse. He'll come around."

A GLITTER, another finicky Calumet 3-year-old, stepped out handsomely, fought off challenging Spur Mast in stirring run for sure to take first money in \$71,440 Graceland Club of American Oaks at Belmont, put another trophy in Mrs. Gene Mackay's already bulging showcase.

GLADNESS, Irish-trained but American-owned (by Philadelphia Building Contractor John McElhann) 5-year-old bay mare, moved up steadily and firmly under nursing touch of Jockey Lester Piggott, ran down Flying Pig II in stretch to win Arson Gold Cup, one of Britain's most cherished prizes.

LARRY MACPHEAL, once bombastic baseball midget (Cincinnati, Brooklyn, New York Yankees) who has never one to pass up neat profit, demonstrated he hasn't but his touch since turning to Thoroughbreds, peddled Demolition, unbeaten 3-year-old gelding he bought for \$4,000 last year at Keeneland, to Oklahoma Gilman Travis Kerr for \$100,000 at Stanton, Del.

HARNESS RACING—TORPEDO, gallant 1-year-old who teamed with Trainer-Driver Johnny Sammons to win 36 of 41 starts (including 28 straight): \$187,358 in two years and set world record 1:26 for mile as 2-year-old to gain recognition as sport's greatest peer but ailing now, was retired to stud at Hanover Race Farm by grateful and considerate Owner Max Hochberg. Starting service fee: \$1,500.

focus on the deed . . .



ROARING START before packed stands sends 54 racers off in the tragically-ill-fated Le Mans 24-hour endurance race, which was won by America's Phil Hill and Belgium's Olivier Gendebien (see above).



PLUCKY CORNELL, winnow in four starts, glides across the finish line ahead of Navy on Syracuse's Lake Onondaga to complete IRA season after the freshman and jayvee crews set the winning beat.

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X-RAY

Best hitter in baseball last week was
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SECOND-RARE SMOOTHIES abound in National League, where the four players above give assurance of superb performance regardless of which is selected to start the annual All-Star Game. From left to right are Don Blasingame of Cardinals, Bill Mazeroski of the Pirates, Red Schoendienst of the Braves and Johnny Temple of the Reds.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (6-15-6/21)				
Team	Wins	Losses	Games	Record
NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Pittsburgh	5-6	803	28-26	4
Philadelphia	5-7	680	33-34	4
Philadelphia	3-8	860	27-33	3
Cincinnati	4-5	571	28-27	8
St. Louis	3-5	729	29-29	5
San Francisco	2-3	460	31-29	5
Chicago	2-4	323	28-32	8
Los Angeles	1-5	187	25-35	4
AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Chicago	6-1	357	25-31	3
Detroit	5-4	363	28-29	3
Kansas City	4-1	371	30-38	3
New York	3-4	428	30-31	9
Baltimore	3-4	429	27-32	3
Washington	2-5	379	27-32	3
Cleveland	2-4	353	25-34	5
Boston	3-4	343	31-32	11

TEAM LEADERS

Week	Batting	Games	Wins	Fielding			
Shaner	369	Shaner	328	Thomas	20	Fried	6.8
412	Tamm	353	Wallace	14	Spoke	6.4	
398	Arbaugh	533	1 with	8	Sampson	6.2	
426	Graves	348	Robinson	7	Putney	6.0	
Cunningham	259	Hendall	347	Reyes	18	Brown	5.5
385	Reyes	332	2 with	14	Antonioli	5.5	
414	Dark	344	Banks	20	Olson	5.4	
425	Zimmer	368	Nash	20	Peoples	5.3	
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
400	Fox	342	3 with	7	Wynn	7.5	
409	Kutten	332	Reider	7	Lary	6.5	
416	Ward	311	Cove	18	Garret	5.4	
304	McGould	311	Marble	12	Leffing	10.1	
412	Torres	240	Torres	14	O'Neal	5.7	
358	Reddy	313	Swann	12	Amaro	5.5	
418	Woods	303	Collier	11	Wardle	5.5	
407	Walpole	302	Jennison	13	Selton	6.4	

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to June 21)

BEST		WORST	
Batting (NL)	Reyes, SF 342	Friedlander, Phil 178	
Batting (AL)	Yankee, Cleveland 389	Reyes, Cleveland 319	
Home run	Thomas, Pitt 23	Blasingame, Phil 0	
Fielding (NL)	(18 per 100) AB	(in 100 AB)	
Home run	Jensen, Bos 15	Fox, Chi 0	
Home run	Arbaugh (AL)	On 243 AB	
Fielding (NL)	Putney, Cal 4-5	Exposito, LA 3-4	
Fielding (AL)	Torres, NY 10-3	Sommer, SF 3-4	
ERA (NL)	Reyes, Pitt 3.82	Yankee, KC 5.91	
ERA (AL)	Spoke, Phil 10	Exposito, LA 1.1	
Complete	gamen (NL)	McGould, Phil 3	
Complete	gamen (AL)	Loft, Phil 1	
gamen (NL)	On 13 starts	On 9 starts	
gamen (AL)	Chicago 19	Chicago 19	
Team HR (NL)	New York 88	Baltimore 42	
Team runs (NL)	San Francisco 328	Washington 40	
Team runs (AL)	Boston 284	St. Louis 248	
Team hits (NL)	San Francisco 615	Baltimore 159	
Team hits (AL)	Cleveland 591	Cincinnati 300	

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Runs	Scored	Runs	Scored
Thomas, Pitt (312)	44	Reider, Phil (230)	44
Ward, Phil (300)	50	Spoke, Phil (230)	44
Reyes, SF (302)	41	28	71
Graves, SF (312)	43	28	71
Swann, SF (302)	43	28	71
Woods, Chi (278)	43	28	71
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Gary, KC (313)	46	35	81
1. Stilling (314) (715)	42	27	69
Jennison, Bos (281)	38	31	67
Woods, Cleveland (281)	46	35	81
Somerset, Bos (260)	34	24	61

THE ROOKIES

NATIONAL LEAGUE		AMERICAN LEAGUE	
Best	Worst	Best	Worst
Green, SF 42	Exposito, LA 3-4	Reider, Phil 230	Ward, Phil 300
Exposito, LA 3-4	Exposito, LA 3-4	Ward, Phil 300	Ward, Phil 300
Exposito, LA 3-4	Exposito, LA 3-4	Ward, Phil 300	Ward, Phil 300
Exposito, LA 3-4	Exposito, LA 3-4	Ward, Phil 300	Ward, Phil 300

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Twelve to 18 bass being taken on morning tide in Cape Cod Canal. Live herring and eel skins favored. A 51-pounder taken by Bob Pimental of Fall River top fish last week. Cape Cod Bay and Nauset Beach at Orleans advise big boys lying on bottom but not taking yet. FG at Cuttyhunk at night for bass to 50 pounds; generally, OVG.

MARYLAND: For third straight year Baltimore brewing company has released tagged fish in Chesapeake Bay, which is worth \$25,000 to angler who catches it. "Diamond Jim III" weighs 10 pounds, was turned loose off Bloody Point Light and must be taken on rod and reel; OVG for the fish, for the fisherman OP.

CORVINA: CALIFORNIA: State's newest sport fishery, Salton Sea, yielding increasing numbers of the 3- to 8-pound corvina. Fish striking spoons cast from east shore. FG/OG.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NOVA SCOTIA: Last week's provincial catch 422 salmon, already ahead of total 1957 count, OVG.

BLUE MARLIN: PUERTO RICO: Last week Mayaguez waters produced 415-pound marlin to Paul Hammer of Mayaguez, who used 15-thread from Ramon Pagan's El Volador. Other large fish seen and OG.

PACIFIC SALMON: IDAHO: Kings congregating below Browzlee Dam fish trap, but fresh-run fish too fresh for anglers who are losing four to every one they catch. Weiler River below Galloway Dam and upstream to Council also offering plump lumps. Spy expects superior salmon season as count of fish moving past Bonneville Dam still in excess of 3,000 fish a day, which is unusual for this late in year.

MISCELLANY: Britisher David Gurnston has added fuel to one of anglers' favorite hot-stove fires by publishing estimates of how fast certain game fish can swim. Salmon, claims Gurnston, can reach 25 mph when hooked; trout and pike both 20 mph, Swiftest of all are pelagic or deep-sea game fish such as sailfin, which may pass 70 mph, swordfish 60 mph and tuna 40 mph. Best man can do is around 4 mph, which leaves him superior only to bream. They show brilliant early-foot of 1 mph.

C—water clear FG—fishing good
N—water normal height FP—fishing fair
H—water high FT—fishing poor
L—water low OVG—outlook very good
W—water rising DG—outlook good
WTG—water 50° OP—outlook poor

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

6—A.P. 7—A.P. 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

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COMING EVENTS

June 27 to July 6

- **Television**
- **Color movies**
- **Nationwide radio**
- All times E.D.T., except where otherwise noted*

Friday, June 27

- **BOXING**
Johnny Russo vs. Carlos Ortiz, lightweight, 10 p.m., Mid. St. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**
(Trotting)
The Ocean Trot (3-yr-olds), \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)
- **HORSE SHOW**
Southern California Exposition National Horse Show, Del Mar, Calif. (through July 6)
- **TRASH A FIELD**
National U.S. Clean Sweep Penitentiary Championships, El Monte, Calif.

Saturday, June 28

- **AUTO RACING**
SCTA Watkins Glen Classic Sports Car Race, Watkins Glen, N.Y.
- **BASEBALL**
• Milwaukee Braves vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
• Cincinnati Indians vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Philadelphia, 7:45 p.m. (CBS)
- **BOXING**
Dorsey Cap Race, unretired hybrid, Cacer d'Almeida, 10 p.m. (also June 29)
Cacer d'Almeida vs. Dorsey Cap Race, unretired hybrid, Folsom, Mead. (also June 29)
- **HORSE RACING**
Arch Ward Memorial, \$10,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m. (turf course), Arlington-at-Washington Park, Ill.
The Leonard Richards, \$35,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Delmar Park, Del.
Casper Headstart, \$15,000, 3-year-olds and up, 1 mile and more, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 5:15 p.m. P.D.T. (Pacific Network, CBS regional, 8:30 p.m. TV, ABC 9 p.m. NBC radio)
• Buckner Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
- **TENNIS**
Professional Tournament, Los Angeles (through July 4)

Sunday, June 29

- **AUTO RACING**
SST Media & Motors, Milan, Italy
NASCAR Grand National, Daytona 100-mile Race, 8:30 p.m., Waverlyville, N.C.
USAC National Midget 100-mile Championship Race, Lehigh, Pa.
- **BASEBALL**
• Cleveland Indians vs. Baltimore Orioles, Cleveland, 1:15 p.m. (CBS)
- **GOLF**
Palm Charette (final day), \$12,000, East Waverly, N.Y. (NBC)

Monday, June 30

- **BASEBALL**
Detroit Tigers vs. Kansas City Athletics, Detroit, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOXING**
• Eddie Lynch vs. Tony Di Biase, welterweights, 10 p.m., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (De-Mo)
- **GOLF**
British Open, St. Anne-on-the-Sea, England (through July 4)
United States Open, Bay View Pro-Amateur Tournament, Hialeah, Fla., N.Y.
- **HORSE RACING**
(Trotting)
Caulking Club Trotting Oaks (3-yr-old fillies), \$15,000, Goshen, N.Y.
The Ladyship (3-yr-old pacing fillies), \$10,100, Goshen, N.Y.
- **TENNIS**
USLTA National Junior Hard Court Championships, Huntington, Calif. (through July 6)

Tuesday, July 1

- **BASEBALL**
Chicago Cubs vs. San Francisco Giants, Chicago, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)

HORSE RACING
Hollywood Lassie Stakes, \$25,000, 3-year-olds (fillies), 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
(Trotting)
Harrington Challenge Cup (3-yr-old colts), \$12,500, Goshen, N.Y.

Wednesday, July 2

- **BASEBALL**
Baltimore Orioles vs. New York Yankees, Baltimore, 3:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOXING**
(Trotting)
Beverly Royal Regatta, Thames River, Henley-on-Thames, England
- **BOXING**
• Elias Logun vs. Don Jordan, welterweights, 10 p.m., Hollywood, 10 p.m. (ABC)
- **HORSE RACING**
(Trotting)
Briar-Duchess Cup (3-yr-old colts), \$12,000, Goshen, N.Y.

Thursday, July 3

- **BASEBALL**
• Milwaukee Braves vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- **GOLF**
Ryder Cup Open, \$50,000, Alamo (through July 5)
- **HORSE RACING**
(Trotting)
National Pacing Derby (trotting), \$25,000, New York
Bremen Cup (3-yr-old colts), \$12,500, Goshen, N.Y.
- **BOXING**
St. Pauli Raden, \$5,400, St. Pauli, Ore. (through July 5)

Friday, July 4

- **AUTO RACING**
SCTA National Championship Sports Car Race, Long Beach, Calif. (also July 5)
USAC Palm Park H&H Class ("tag cars," stock cars and sports cars), Palm Park, Calif.
- **BASEBALL**
• Los Angeles White Sox vs. Kansas City Athletics, Chicago, 2:30 p.m. (Mutual)
- **BOXING**
• Jimmy Young vs. Jerry London, light heavyweights, 10 a.m., Las Vegas, 10 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**
Stars and Stripes, \$75,000, 3-year-olds, 1 1/4 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
Sakuraba Handicap, \$75,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.
American Handicap, \$10,500, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.
(Trotting)
• The Maryland Stakes (3-yr-old pure), \$50,000, Westbury, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)
The Transamerica (pure), \$10,000, Northville, Mich.
- **BOXING**
Reno Rodde, \$1,100, Reno (through July 6)
- **SHOOTING**
Oklahoma State Shoot Championship, Tulsa (through July 6)
- **TRACK & FIELD**
AAU National Decathlon Championships, Palmyra, N.Y. (also July 3)
AAU National Senior Women's and Girls' Track and Field Championships, Morrisville, N.J. (also July 5)

Saturday, July 5

- **BASEBALL**
• Cincinnati Reds vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Cincinnati, 1:15 p.m. (CBS-TV, Mutual Radio)
• Milwaukee Braves vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Milwaukee, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**
• Emma Handicap, \$15,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 2:15 p.m. P.D.T. (Pacific Network, CBS regional)
The Myrtawood, \$10,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
• The Miller Stakes, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds (fillies), 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
- **TENNIS**
Wendell-Chapman Championships (final day), Westfield, England

Sunday, July 6

- **BASEBALL**
• Cincinnati Reds vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Cincinnati, 1:15 p.m. (CBS)
- **HORSE SHOW**
• American Quarter Horse Show, Lexington, Ky. (through July 12)

*See local listing

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FABULOUS 'FINISTERRE'

The winning skipper tells the story of the little yawl which took her second Bermuda Race in a row despite 100-to-1 odds against the history-making double

by CARLETON MITCHELL

ONCE, after a sail down on *Beloro*, John Nicholas Brown called the Bermuda Race "the great Atlantic lottery." For some reason unknown even to meteorologists the 635-mile stretch of ocean between the American mainland and the tiny outcropping of coral can present some of the most varied, unpredictable and frustrating weather known to man. In this sense the 1958 event was typical or perhaps classic—a little bit of everything was thrown at the fleet, with some extra for the leaders.

It is difficult to convey to a non-sailor the feeling of being wholly dependent on such an unpredictable commodity as wind. In no other sport is the participant so at the mercy of a factor he cannot control by preparation, foresight or skill. When the wind dies so does the fastest yacht, and this to a large degree was the basic story of the race—an initial sleigh ride before a strong fair wind, streaks of calm and patches of breeze, almost constant shifts in direction and, finally, savage frontal squalls that produced a roaring drive to the finish.

Such a race means hard work for the contestants. Each yacht has aboard an assortment of sails for various conditions, exactly as a golfer carries specialized clubs for different shots. As the wind changes so must the sails. On *Finisterre* we have a basic tenet to keep moving at maximum speed in the wind of the moment. There must be either a trim or a shift in sails every time there is a variation. In no other race in my memory have

so many strings been pulled or so many bits of cloth gone up and down the mast. Crew work and helmsmanship were never more important.

Along with the rule of moving at your best must go tactics and strategy—the former practiced against boats close by, the latter against the invisible fleet and the scurrying second hand of the committee's clock. With 111 competitors the ocean was well populated, so that rarely were other sails out of sight, keeping each crew keyed to even higher tension.

Aboard *Finisterre* we were Gull-wing-conscious, watching for her blue-yellow-blue spinnaker, as she was undoubtedly eying each red-headed chute showing over the horizon in the belief that it might be ours. Unfortunately, other boats in the fleet had identical sails, so between Sunday at dusk and Wednesday noon when we came close enough to again make a positive identification we both were probably racing other boats. The imaginary competition made us work even harder but after contact was again established we tactically covered her for the remaining few miles to the finish.

Strategy is a matter of individual belief on the part of skipper and crew based principally on the crystal ball of the weather forecasters. Sadly, the crystal ball is clouded more often than the sky. One safe rule is to apply a cynical 180° correction to all forecasts—in other words, to anticipate the opposite. Another good rule, if you have confidence in your boat, is to ignore forecasts entirely and

play percentages. Thus, on Bermuda Race, it is impossible to improve the dictum of the veteran ocean racer and statistician, Alf Loomis: "The boat most likely to win is the one which keeps closest to the rhumb line [the direct compass course from Brenton Reef Lightship to Kitchen Shoals buoy] and which never stops in the calms or shortens down unduly in the gales."

To the best of our ability we on *Finisterre* did this in 1958, as we had in 1956.

The degree to which weather conditions were freak is best understood by an analysis of the finishing times of the fleet. Despite the complications of the measurement rule, speed through the water is basically a function of water-line length. Big boats go faster than small ones. In this particular race conditions seemed in the early stages to favor the larger vessels. During the fresh winds of the first two days they worked far ahead. The gradually dying wind meant that it would take the small classes an even longer time to cover the same distance. Tuesday afternoon from where we sat—barely moving through the water, bobbing around in a confused sea left over from the earlier breeze—we called it a big-boat race. But over the horizon, much nearer Bermuda, class A boats were sitting ducks, getting nowhere.

Without knowing it, all the small boats astern closed the gap. While *Finisterre* was painfully creeping along at from 2 to 4 knots and feeling sorry for herself, *Windigo* and other leaders were doing even less. In ocean racing it is standard procedure to imagine everyone else flying whenever you are standing still. Gradually the lead of the big fellows was whittled down. Then the long stagnant front, which had been sitting over Bermuda, began to move, and

AGAIN

the fleet began to experience a gradually freshening wind, darker and darker skies, and finally a series of hard squalls and torrential rain. From bare steerageway boats everywhere jumped to maximum hull speed, which most held until the finish.

The first intimation the smaller fry had of the slowdown of class A came early Wednesday when radio newscasts from Hamilton estimated the finishing time of *Good News* as very near the time the closer class D boats expected to make it themselves. On *Fénisserie* we at first simply couldn't believe it, any more than the race committee ashore on St. David's Head that night could believe it when we were reported as crossing the line less than four hours behind the first boat to finish.

"Check that sail number," radioed the committee to the press boat as we swept over. "Number 260 is *Fénisserie*—it can't be!"

In any lottery the most important factor is chance—or fate or luck, to give it other names. *Fénisserie* simply hit it right twice in a row, proving and not disproving the ancient laws of chance. So, to me, the most exciting and significant feature of the race was not our second victory but rather the realization that ocean racing has become a major participation sport. Little more than half a century ago the first Bermuda Race was a do-or-die stunt staged by a handful of fanatics determined to prove a point. This year 800 men set sail in over 100 vessels, an impressive armada by any standards. And the quality of yachts, sails, gear and crews had improved in proportion. Even with the distraction of the first America's Cup competition in many years the toughest ocean race on this side of the Atlantic attracted the biggest and

continued on page 59



RIG WINNER *Fénisserie* bowls by Block Island on first day of race, all sails set (above). Four days later her veteran crew (below) strikes victory pose: (from left) Corwith Cramer Jr., Durwood Knoles, Richard Bestram, Skipper Carleton Mitchell, Charles Lackin II, Mel Gutman (rear), Robert Symonette and Bunny Rugg.



Pamplona: Revelry and a Run with the Bulls

At the Feria de San Fermin a visitor can lose a week's sleep and, if he wishes, he can risk losing his life

IN 1926 a young writer named Ernest Hemingway exploded on the literary scene with a novel called *The Sun Also Rises*, in which he said of the fair in Pamplona, Spain: "At noon of Sunday, the 6th of July, the fiesta exploded. . . . It kept up day and night for seven days. The dancing kept up, the drinking kept up, the noise went on. The things that happened could only have happened during a fiesta. Everything became quite unreal finally and it seemed as though nothing could have any consequences. It seemed out of place to think of consequences during the fiesta. All during the fiesta you had the feeling, even when it was quiet, that you had to shout any remark to make it heard. It was the same feeling about any action. It was a fiesta and it went on for seven days."

As everyone knows, Hemingway has been exploding ever since. So has the Feria de San Fermin. This year, as always, the top matadors of Spain will be on hand to display their skills each afternoon in the bull ring. But the bullfight proper is only a small part of the fiesta. Pamplona's fame rests largely on the *encierro*, the strange morning ceremony in which the day's fighting bulls stampede through the streets in pursuit of a howling horde of youths who obviously believe that nothing has consequences. One consequence of a stumble, as they occasionally discover, can be disaster on the horns. Between these daily "runnings" the streets swarm with marchers, fifers, dancers and less formal revelers, caught up in what has been called the "joyful insanity" of a fair that has no rivals in the Spanish—or maybe this—world.

THE ENDLESS PARADES of the Feria, with their whirling dancers and uniformed marchers, are interrupted by only one event—the running of the bulls (next page)





RUNNING OF THE BULLS *opens festivities each day with animals*



chasing reckless youths through barricaded streets to the bull ring



END OF THE CHASE comes as the runners and their pursuers burst into the arena

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

No Panic, Please

THE early trial races of the 12-meter yacht *Sceptre*, lavishly constructed (\$100,000) challenger for the America's Cup, was giving British newsmen bad dreams last week. The awful facts were that *Sceptre* had been beaten five straight times off Cowes by an old 12-meter named *Evoine*.

Pricked by the presentiment that their big story on the cup races might end up as a description of a British fiasco, the London press began to get testy, even shrill. "Has a £35,000 mistake been made?" cried the *Daily Mail*, while assorted yachting correspondents howled that 34-year-old Graham Mann (the *Sceptre* helmsman) ought to be replaced by Thom, and one, letting go completely, telegraphed the home office with trembling hand, "Send *Evoine*!"

As a soother, members of the *Sceptre* group let the correspondents in on an official secret. The *Evoine-Sceptre* races, they explained, had been held in light winds which are *Evoine's* specialty, while the *Sceptre* has been specifically designed for speed in stiff breezes of the sort expected during the races in September off Newport.

"There is no evidence of failure yet, none at all," said William Crago of Saunders-Roe Ltd., whose testing tanks determined *Sceptre's* lines. "We fed statistics about Rhode Island conditions into our calculations and out came *Sceptre*."

The British, in short, are gambling that Newport weather will be Newport weather.

The Face of the Tiger

DOWN in Charleston, West Va., they apparently knew all about it well beforehand. "If the guys on the ant hill hum that seed," they

told us, "the Tigers will strike up the band in Detroit." Their own beloved Bill Norman, whom we didn't know very well at the time, was on his way north, it seemed, to take over the management of the Detroit Tigers. That's the way he talked, so that's the way the West Virginians talked too.

Well, as it turned out during the

next 10 days or so, the seeds hummed like Sabre jets, and by now almost everybody, including us, knows Bill Norman a little better. They know him as the once-faceless man who went north with a new set of dentures with which the once-toothless Tigers chewed up tough Yankees like chicken meat. In the first two weeks

continued



Van Cliburn's tonorial tip to Moscow-bound U.S. trackmen

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

of Bill Norman's management, Detroit beat the Yanks six games in a row, the first time any team has done that to the perennial league leaders since 1953, when the Yanks lost six times to Cleveland over a period of two months.

Back in Detroit last week when the hungry cats came home again like Roman lions with the Yankees meekly in tow to continue the slaughter, Detroit was striking up the band just as prophesied. The only trouble was that nobody could hear it above the roar of a crowd of 53,168 Tiger rooters cramping the stadium. As Tiger Hurler Jim Bunning sent the seed humming to strike out Yankee after Yankee (14 in all, a season-high for the majors) the roars increased to hurricane force. Over the happy blast one bunch of delirious rooters raised a banner with the legend: **BILL NORMAN FOR PRESIDENT!**

Oddly enough, one of the few quiet men in Detroit the afternoon of that first home game was Bill Norman, who had spent his time with one foot perched on the dugout steps checking some notes on a pad in his hand, watching the play and tapping a nervous foot. "You don't have to go around popping off when you're

winning," he observed to a reporter.

There was another manager nearby who was not so quiet. "You fellows didn't think he was so good when he came here, did you?" he roared at the sportswriters. "Well, he's running the club good. He hasn't been mixed up on anything, and he's shown us fellers some pitching. What you doing around here anyway? You won't find a winner here."

The speaker's name was something like Standall, or Stendahl, or—Stengel, that was it. Casey Stengel. Who's he? Well, at this point we're not quite sure ourselves, but we think he's the one that took that Norman Tiger by the tail the seventh time around and knocked all his teeth out again with a 15-0 victory.

Challenge and Response

IN the ageless needling between the sexes—junior division—it can be safely declared that two classic characters are the 11-year-old girl and her 9-year-old brother. Such a pair were overheard the other day in a drive-in near Chicago's Comiskey Park, where sister and brother huddled over double malteds after a double-header. We record it here as a

rare example of victory for the 9-year-old male in discussions of this sort, whether the baseball development it advances is ever adopted or not.

"Nellie Fox looked like he had the mumps," the sister said. "Only he kept moving them from one side to the other."

"That wasn't mumps," the brother said, "That was tobacco."



"Baseball players," their mother broke in, "have idiosyncrasies, just like the rest of us."

Sister regarded brother thoughtfully. "I wonder if you'll have any idiosyncrasies," she said, pronouncing each syllable carefully, "when you're a big league player."

"Of course."

"Well, what are you going to do?"

"Chew."

"Tobacco?"

"No. Bubble gum."

"Bubble gum! You won't have time to blow bubbles."

"Sure I will."

"I get it. You'll blow a bubble to disguise a spit ball."

"No," he corrected. "A stick ball."

"A stick ball? What's that?"

"Oh," he began, the gleam in his eye as bright as that of a pitcher getting ready to throw his best one. "You blow a big bubble and it breaks on the ball. Then you throw the ball to the batter, who's all set to hit it out of the park."

"Then what happens?"

"Nothing," he shrugged. "The ball sticks to the bat."

"Oh," said his sister.

Le Mans in the Rain

VISIBILITY WAS scarcely 20 feet in the blinding evening downpour that lashed the eight-and-a-half-mile, potato-shaped course at Le Mans. "The most treacherous conditions in anyone's memory," summed up Correspondent David Snell in his file. Yet

They Said It

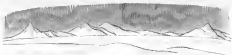
FOREIGN MINISTER SUBANDRIO of Indonesia, welcoming his nation's world champion badminton speed after Thomas Cup victory: "Those boys have done more to give Indonesia confidence than anything before."

BILL NORMAN, Detroit's new manager, after winning half a dozen in a row from the Yankees: "I'm just trying to use some of the things Pop [Casey Stengel] taught me when we were both in the cucumber league."

STERLING SLAPPEY of the AP, estimating U.S. chances against Russia in track and field this July if points for men's and women's events are counted together: "As certain to lose as a balloon in a pin factory."

CHIHARU IGAYA, Japan's Dartmouth-educated Olympic skier, of a back-home ride in a Tokyo taxi—called "Kawakaze cabs" by his countrymen: "Just like ski-jumping in a fog."

MAX EXBER, Las Vegas bookmaker, with a sigh of relief as the Giants slipped from first place: "If the Giants win the pennant we lose more money than if any other team wins it. They were [at 50 to 1] the long-shot's long shot."



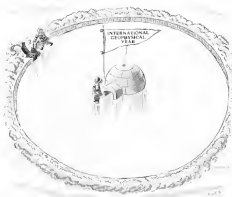
Le Mans is Le Mans, so the drivers pressed hard on the gas pedals. On the straightaways, visibility or no visibility, they bored on at 150 mph.

The race began even faster. The Aston Martin team, long proved in the 3-liter class and favored this year because of the new 3000-cc. limitation which cut bigger cars down to their size, set the pace. At the takeoff Stirling Moss surged ahead in his dark green No. 2 as though he would run away from the field. The highly admired Jaguars, perennial Le Mans winners, tried to keep up, but the Jag pistons, redesigned with shortened strokes to conform to the new cc. limitation, were put to too severe a strain. The first went out (broken piston) in 15 minutes, the second 17 minutes later. Just before the rain, Moss and his Aston Martin sputtered out too, though not before setting the 1958 lap record: 120.7 mph.

The pace was hard on the cars. Almost half of the starting field of 55 had dropped out after the first seven hours of the 24. But it was the rain and mist that reached out for Jean Mary (real name Jean Brousseau) as he streaked into the corner known as Tertre Rouge in his No. 11 Jaguar. He miscalculated and drove into the embankment. As No. 11 slammed back to the roadway and overturned it fell in the path of the No. 18 Ferrari, driven by Bruce Kessler of Los Angeles, approaching at close to 100 mph. Kessler flung himself from the seat an instant before the impact and, incredibly, suffered only multiple bruises. Mary died instantly.

The race continued into the night. Phil Hill of Santa Monica, Calif. and his partner, Olivier Gendebien of Belgium, had by now taken the lead in Ferrari No. 14 and were pushing hard to remain ahead of the last hope of the Jaguars, the No. 8 piloted by Duncan Hamilton and Ivor Bueb.

By the calendar it was the shortest night of the year, though to Hill and Gendebien, whose eyes were burning from the impossible effort of trying to pierce the curtain of rain, it must have seemed the longest, blackest ever. Even the dawn brought scant relief, for while the sky cleared deadly patches of mist rose from the track.



"How large is a croquet court?"

At midmorning, the clouds closed in again. Hill, by this time two laps ahead of the surviving Jaguar, pulled in behind the British entry to ride its slipstream for several laps. Then the rain came for the fifth time, turning puddles to pools and obscuring vision in a giant splash. On the last corner of Arnage, the leader tried too late to dodge an abandoned car and spun from the road. Hill saw the blurred shape in time and, somehow, managed to snake past. From then on it was home free for Ferrari No. 14.

It was the first time that Phil Hill had ever finished at Le Mans, and the first time an American had been a winning driver. As Hill swept across the finish line to a hero's welcome, the sun began to shine.

Michigan's Poor Mouth

THE disclosure by this magazine a couple of weeks ago that Michigan's preflight examinations of boxers are dangerously skimpy (Michigan is not alone in this respect) has had consequences. Newspapers blared the tale of Johnny Summerlin's easily detectable disability—a numbness

over his left side which made it impossible for him to feel pain, even when needles were stuck in his arm. The state's boxing commission has held meetings and issued statements, mostly to the effect that it lacks money to give adequate examinations like those which protect New York boxers. Out of the meetings has emerged a Medical Study Committee, but it is headed by a physician who believes boxing should be abolished.

"It is too damaging a sport," Dr. Joseph Cahalan said, just before he was appointed chairman of the new committee, "and as long as there is boxing, there will be injuries and possible deaths."

The statement startled Floyd Stevens, boxing commission chairman.

"That's the easy way out," Stevens snapped. But he appointed Dr. Cahalan anyhow. Dr. Cahalan accepted anyhow, hedging with the self-evident point that "no examination can be devised that will be perfect," pointing out it would cost the state \$25,000 just for necessary neurological, electroencephalographic and other equipment for proper examinations.

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Surely rich Michigan, which has a resort income of \$800,000,000 a year, not to mention its fabulously wealthy automotive industry, can raise \$25,000 to protect boxers—or, if not, can lend-lease an electroencephalograph from a medical center. Boxing is not going to be abolished because it may be damaging to participants—any more than football, hunting, skiing, auto racing, horse racing and other sports involving danger are going to be abolished.

New York has proved boxing can be a remarkably safe sport, that its appearance can be deceiving. There is no good reason why Michigan should not equal, or even surpass, New York's record.

The Name is Arcaro

LAST SATURDAY—Coaching Club American Oaks Day—at New York's Belmont Park a large group of people stood in the haze and drizzle as the horses circled the walking ring for the first race. As George Edward Arcaro, aged 42, rode by there were flaps of applause. On first hearing, it was presumed to be for his riding accomplishments during the week. On Monday he had ridden Restless Wind to victory in the \$32,020 National Stallion Stakes, which he had won six times previously; Tuesday he had won the \$7,500 feature on Inside Tract; Wednesday he won with two long shots; Thursday he took two more races; and on Friday he rode a triple. But the applause on Saturday was not for that.

The horseplayers who crowded the black iron fence around the paddock were saluting Arcaro for a small item they had read in the papers. When Arcaro was an apprentice jockey back in 1932, he stood overlooking the course at Agua Caliente in Mexico with an exercise boy named Jackie Westrope. They watched as Jack's brother, Tommy, was thrown from a horse past the finish line and killed. Since then Eddie Arcaro and Jack Westrope have been close friends, even though Arcaro does not like to fraternize with other riders. ("It isn't easy to go out socially with a man one night and then have to

take a mount away from him the next morning.")

This past Thursday, when he was only a few jumps from victory in the \$28,350 Hollywood Oaks at Hollywood Park, Jackie Westrope was killed when he was thrown into the rail. That night when he heard about it at his home in Garden City, Eddie Arcaro cried. "Jack was a strange guy," he said, "kind of complex. I don't know just how to describe it, but when you first met him you didn't like him very much. Then, after you had been around him, as I was in California for many years, you got to love him."

As Arcaro rode around the ring a lady whispered to him, "You must be an awful nice person." The lady had heard that Arcaro had started, as president of the Jockey's Guild, a trust fund for Westrope's two young daughters. And the fat man who always seems to be standing by the paddock abusing Arcaro at Belmont raised his voice just a little. "You won't be here Monday, Arcaro. You're going out to be a bearer in Jackie's funeral, ain't you?"

Arcaro rode onto the race track saying nothing, even though both of these things are very true.

Anniversary for Ed Furgol

At the National Open in Tulsa two weeks ago, while the applause washed around tempestuous Tommy Bolt for his front-running victory, and devoted followers of Sam Snead sadly shook their heads over another

failure by the Slammer to win his first Open, a quiet man named Ed Furgol observed the fourth anniversary of his Open victory in 1954 by failing to qualify for the final 36 holes in 1958. He shot an 84-75, 159 and missed the qualifying score by five full strokes.

Furgol's victory in the Open at Baltusrol in 1954 carried special significance for both golfers and non-golfers, because he won the world's most important golf tournament handicapped by a left arm which is permanently crooked at the elbow. But now, four years later and three months after his 41st birthday, Furgol's good right arm has finally yielded to the ruinous pressure of 13 years in professional golf. The lean, tanned six-footer's right elbow has been causing him severe pain since March 1957 when it received a bad bruising in an automobile accident. This April he was forced to undergo an operation for removal of a bone spur, two chips and a hemangioma (a blood vessel tumor in his elbow). He couldn't comb his hair for a couple of weeks after the operation and has adopted a neat crew cut.

"I've always known that this was a fluctuating game," he says. "But I never thought something like this would happen to me so suddenly and so early in my life." He sat on a bench by the first tee of the Southern Hills Country Club in the late afternoon, as the last few second-round three-somes struggled up the long hill to the 18th green, and stared gloomily out at the course.

"I really had no confidence in myself before coming here for the Open," he continued, "and was just prepared to do my best. My tee shot is down to an average of about 225 yards but once, when I won at Baltusrol, it was about 275 yards. All I can do now is to try and prepare myself, mentally and physically, for better consistency the next time I tee it up.

"The doctors tell me to keep playing and that eventually my elbow will get stronger."

Don't go around feeling sorry for Ed Furgol is what this amounts to. For the man who talked with him, it was one of the quietly memorable moments of the Tulsa Open.



Glove Me Tender

The second baseman chased the fly.
The center fielder, too;
And now beneath the summer sky
They have their rendezvous.

—ANTHUR WILD

THE WORLD'S OLDEST 19TH HOLE

TOP GOLFERS the world over, from Tommy Bolt to Pete Nakamura, can trace their ancestry back 200 years to St. Andrews in Scotland where the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has stood for all that is most expert in the game since 1754. But what about goldfom's duffers, that vast and happy legion whose enthusiasm far outstrips its skill? As members of this majority, we are proud to claim for them an ancestry even older—an ancestry rooted in the 19th hole of a golf club predating the R & A by 150 years.

Founded in 1608 on a patch of open grassland overlooking London, Britain's Royal Blackheath Golf Club more than once played host to England's new king, the Scotman James Stewart. Its proudest possession is a silver claret jug won in competition against golfers of the Royal and Ancient itself. But though golf is the staff of Blackheath's life, its spirit bubbles with the ruby wine that often fills its cup to overflowing. Daring wagers in fine vintages have marked



FORMER CLUB CAPTAIN WILLIAM DYER IN RED TAIL COAT SURVEYS CLUB TROPHIES

the centuries of play on the Blackheath links, as on that day in July 1791, when a Mr. Pitcaithley bet Captain Fairfull a full "gallon of claret" that he could "drive the Short Hole in three strokes, six times in ten." Pitcaithley's thirst, it turned out, was stronger than his strokes and Fairfull won the bet.

Other challenges at Blackheath have involved spirited games played right through the club rooms, putting contests at night by the light of carriage lamps, and a foursome played in bowlers and shorts. As the years passed and the city encroached, Blackheath's golfers were forced to employ a "fore caddy," whose sole duty was to warn off strollers, "scare away nursemaids" and make sure balls were not stolen while still in play. More and more the Blackheath

enthusiasts sought the pleasures of the less-cluttered 19th hole.

By 1923, the crowded city had proved too much for the golfers and the Royal Blackheath moved to new quarters in a fine old 17th century house at Eltham, Kent. There the old traditions are maintained in the midst of a spanking-new 6,055-yard course. There last week, the old club celebrated its 350th birthday in a replay of the tournament which won its claret cup. The play was spirited but so-so. A team from Wentworth in Surrey took first place to win a replica of the club's famed cup, with Blackheath's golfers lagging a poor six strokes behind. But if the old club's play on tee and green was still not quite up to par, its heart and its claret, as these pictures plainly show, were still in the right place.

IN TWEEDY PLUS FOURs, another former club captain, Bert Haggerty, watches the play and samples a fine vintage in the

company of a friend while fellow Blackheath golfers search out a lost ball in the rough in front of the 17th century clubhouse.





PSEUDO SENATORS CAVORT EXUBERANTLY AT LOS ANGELES' WRIGLEY FIELD, REHEARSING THE BALLET SEQUENCE "SHOELESS"



REAL SENATORS Truman Clevenger, Jim Lemon, Russ Kemmerer, Roy Stovers, Albie Pearson (*front*), with Howard Devron and Broadcaster Bob Wolff, sing *Heart of My Heart*.

REAL CARDINALS Gene Freese and Joe Cunningham (with real showgirls) clomp about stage erected over home plate at Cincinnati's Crosley Field during a pregame show.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SHOW BIZ AND BASEBALL COLLABORATE



JOE FROM HANNIBAL MO. FROM THE FILM "DAMN YANKEES"



The buoyant characters at left are costumed like Washington Senators; hope springs eternal in Washington, but the team hasn't gotten off the ground in years. These chaps are, in fact, chorus boys impersonating Washington Senators for the movie *Damn Yankees*, which is based on the musical play *Damn Yankees*, which is based on Douglas Wallop's apocalyptic novel *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*. The year, according to Wallop, was to have been 1958, and the engine of the Yankee destruction was to have been a Senator rookie named Joe Hardy. Joe Hardy has not yet appeared in a Washington lineup, and by week's end the Senators were plating in last place, 12 games behind the Yankees, who were in first place and quite unperturbed.

Joe Hardy was originally Joe Boyd, a paunchy, middle-aged Senator fan who announced on a dismal afternoon that he would sell his soul for a long-ball hitter. He got the chance when a Mr. Applegate (really, readers, the devil) announced wheedlingly that he had chosen Boyd, "the most dedicated partisan of the noble Washington Senators, to be the hero who leads them out of the wilderness to the championship. We'll call you Joe Hardy. You'll be 22 years old. They'll put a new wing on that baseball museum at Coopers-town, dedicated to you—the Hardy shrine." And so Joe Boyd became Tab Hunter, who batted .324, and Los Angeles' Wrigley Field became—through the workings of another slick old hand, Warner Bros.—Griffith Stadium, and there in September the Yankees lost the pennant.

Now the warbling quintet at left costumed like Washington Senators but not behaving like Washington Senators are, behold! Washington Senators—two pitchers and three outfielders, in fact. The other picture shows two real-life St. Louis Cardinals who were found in the dug-out and coerced into dancing with two showgirls at home plate. It wasn't so bad now, was it fellas?

THE BLACK AND WHITE OF ROYAL ASCOT

England's Royal Ascot, with its green lawns and elegantly enpariioned guests in the Royal Enclosure, has always had as much the air of a Buckingham Palace garden party as of a race meeting. But not since the all-black Ascot of 1910, when every aristocratic racegoer was clad in mourning for the recently dead Edward VII, has there been such uniformity of costuming as turned up at last week's meeting. Taking their cue from Designer Cecil Beaton's all-black-and-white Ascot scene in *My Fair Lady* (Beaton got the idea from the 1910 Ascot), the fair ladies were a "smashing, positively dashing" spectacle in black and white. To complete the illusion, on the day which saw Gladness, a mare owned by Philadelphia John McShain, win the Gold Cup, *My Fair Lady* music was piped across course and paddock.



"WHAT A FRENZIED MOMENT THAT WAS!" SINGS "FAIR LADY."



MEN IN GRAY TOPPERS, smart morning coats suited as perfect folk for ladies in black and white.

MISS CYNTHIA OBERHOLZER, a Hartnell model, was draped in white and cloaked in black under a large black cartwheel.



MRS. CLIFFORD HARRINGTON, on the paddock steps, was one of day's prettiest in white chiton, polka-dotted in black, with black bow, big hat.



BUT TODAY'S ASCOT CROWD TAKES ITS FRENZY COOL



THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL, once wife of American Gilder Charles Sweeney, wore white chiffon with oversize black dots.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL was traditional in topper, individualistic in bow tie.



ACTRESS LOUISE ALLERITON, with husband Charles Collingwood (right), also wore favorite black polka dots on white, one of day's many outside picture hats.

LADY BARNETT, London TV star, chose a spatter-printed black-and-white chemise dress and a large lace straw hat.



SADRUDIN KHAN'S wife Nina wore a white hat and dress, both with black roses.

COINING GOLD IN THE CELLAR

The Dodgers are the worst team in the league and are also making the most money. But our Los Angeles correspondent says the loyalty of the Angelenos is not even strained

by JAMES MURRAY

WHEN Walter O'Malley moved his Brooklyn Dodgers to Los Angeles, the big question on everybody's mind was not how well the Dodgers would do afield but whether Los Angeles would support them in the style to which they had become accustomed. "That's a football town out there," O'Malley was warned by some advisers. "It's a beach town," others said. "Those kids are raised on surfboards, not ball fields." "You can't get anybody to leave his backyard barbecue for a lousy ball game," still others cautioned.

And so it went. "They don't have any baseball tradition out there. They raise tennis players and shotputters," was a typical remark. "San Francisco will be better than L.A.," sniffed Horace Stoneham. "That's just an opening-day crowd down there."

Those who knew Los Angeles best compressed their lips and said nothing. They had heard it all before. When the late, shrewd Doc Strub proposed to set up Santa Anita race track near Los Angeles in 1934, the Cassandras were already at work: "If you set up your track on downtown Broadway, those creeps'll step around it to get to a fortuneteller," he was told. When the Cleveland Rams wanted to move their pro football franchise to Los Angeles in 1946 they were given a headshake: "That's a college football town out there. They don't care about the pros."

So now it's summer 1958. The Los Angeles Dodgers, like Santa Anita and the Los Angeles Rams, have set

wondrous attendance marks. And Angelenos have been deserting their surfboards and barbecue pits under the jacaranda trees in swarms to motor over the freeways to the Coliseum and sit in on the strangest baseball show in the history of the sport. The stands are full of football fans, college and pro, tennis players, shotputters, beach bums, movie stars—and even hashball fans. To date, an unbelievable 949,892 of them have paid their way through the turnstiles to get in on the fun, and enough others—ladies, knotholders and just plain freeloaders—have made it in to swell the actual figure to well over a million. For the first 33 home games, the Los Angeles Dodgers are the most fabulous success at the box office baseball has ever seen.

SHARE THE WEALTH

Nor does the story stop there. At 27½¢ a head as the visiting club's share, the Dodgers have passed out to the other clubs in the league well over \$250,000. The Milwaukee Braves alone lugged home \$47,000 as their share of a single three-game series as 171,000 fans turned out, or more than saw the five-game World Series in 1953.

The concession profit is staggering. The biggest single concession day in baseball history was May 4 of this year, at the only double-header to date, when 38,000 customers spent at a rate of 82¢ a head. In the knothole section alone one afternoon, 10,000 kids bought \$8,000 worth of pop and



THEY ARE DESERTING SURFBOARDS AND

ice cream. There has been \$60,000 spent on Dodger souvenirs, and it sometimes seems at first glance as if everyone in Los Angeles is sporting a royal-blue Dodger baseball cap. The concessionaires have turned over \$150,000 to O'Malley and have an astronomical (and gastronomical) average of 57¢ a head from O'Malley's customers. On game day, the Los Angeles Coliseum is the world's greatest outdoor smorgasbord.

Subsidiary businesses have flourished also. Local factories are engaged in turning out cheap imitations of Dodger caps (which has inspired the official capmaker to take an ad in the *Sporting News*, offering Angelenos the genuine article by mail order). And another small band of small businessmen has set up such a lively business in the palm trees and shrubs around the Coliseum at night games that the police have been forced to advertise for them. The increase in mugging robberies is marked at night games, they report.



BARBECUE PITS TO SWARM OVER THE FREEWAYS AND SIT IN ON THE STRANGEST BASEBALL SHOW IN THE HISTORY OF THE SPORT

Beer and liquor consumption is forbidden at the Coliseum, but the stacks of empties after a game make it clear that prohibition, as usual, is unpopular with the masses, and boot-legging is getting around it. The Dodger special police, who cannot arrest, only eject, have taken to shaking down the ticket holders for Thermoses full of Martinis, half pints of sour mash and king-sized cans of beer. Claim checks are issued for them when detected, but liquor store sales around the ball park attest that contraband gets through the Dodger police cordon as frequently as ground balls through the Dodger infield.

When it became clear that the Dodgers in Los Angeles were a staggering fiscal success, it next became incumbent upon the Cassandras to find a good reason for it—not the real one, a good one. It was decided that the fans were just out to see the elephant for the first time around. These were just curiosity seekers, not baseball fans. Los Angeles, they still

insisted, just wasn't a sophisticated baseball town. They really didn't comprehend what they were seeing.

When clubs like the Phillies and Pirates drew as well the second time around, this argument sank to last place quicker than the Dodgers. The baseball men who advanced it were overlooking the fact that Los Angeles had been the only minor league town in baseball that supported not one but two minor league franchises, and that both made money. Moreover, it has been established that California historically leads both leagues in producing players for baseball, and that the state has a lively tradition in baseball which antedates even John McGraw.

WHY SO BAD?

The really complex question, of course, is why Los Angeles supports as abysmal a loser as the Dodgers have proved to be, and its corollary, why the Dodgers have proved to be as bad as they have.

"They told us you have to have a winner to succeed in Los Angeles," admits the somewhat baffled Dodger vice-president, Fresco Thompson. "But I have never seen such continuous, concentrated enthusiasm. I don't believe another town in baseball would tolerate the kind of baseball we are delivering. I would shudder to think what the fans in Ebbets Field, if they were there at all, would be saying at this stage of the game if we were dead last and playing the way we have been."

If the Coliseum fans were sitting in pained, perplexed silence at the Dodger debacles, say like residents of the Belgian Congo watching a barnstorming baseball troupe, the phenomenon would be easier to explain. But Los Angeles fans are usually having more fun than a Cub Scout pack at Disneyland. Ebbets Field Hilda has been replaced by a shirtless cat who never misses a game and takes up his stand behind third base, equipped with an

continued

air horn and a freshly filled container of air which he looses periodically with a doomsday blast from the horn and a Teddy Roosevelt bellow of "Ch-a-a-rrge!" whenever something happens on the field. It doesn't matter what. "These people yell whether the score is 9-0 for us or 9-0 against us," notes Fresno Thompson in some perplexity.

This is not to say the fans have entirely taken the Dodgers into the bosom of the family. There is almost no booing in the Coliseum. Even the umpires escape. A boo-boo on the part of the Dodgers usually draws a kind of reproachful exclamation or an "Isn't-that-too-bad!" sigh from the packed stands. And this has to be taken as a lack of wholehearted affection. The Dodgers are still quasi-ghosts-in-the-house and one doesn't chew them out for failing to hang up their wet towels or playing the radio too loud—yet. This is one reason why the recent trade of Don Newcombe for Steve Bilko, longtime Los Angeles slugger, will be good for the fans although not good for the team. Bilko belongs, and the crowd can release a lot of pent-up hostility when Big Steve boots one. He'd better hang up his wet towels, the big bum.

Artistically as well as athletically, the Dodger show was enough to discourage a saint. The field, like the team, is the worst in the league (for pure baseball). Its well-publicized dimensions, 250 feet down the left-field line and infinity down the right, have panicked baseball men from the com-

missioner himself down to the Dodger mound staff. It is hot as a brick kiln at the start of an afternoon game and often as cool as a Popicle at the end of an evening game.

The playing field itself is scabrous where the grass has been burned out and torn up. The Dodgers blame the Boy Scout shows and track meets which take place between home games, but the Coliseum blames the Brooklyn-bred groundskeepers who, they say, do not seem to comprehend that a field on which no rain will fall and a 100° sun will shine all summer cannot be hose-watered (it evaporates before soaking the roots) and has to be flooded like a rice field almost daily. Wherever the fault lies, the field looks terrible. And the baseball, at times, has been enough to get John McGraw thumbed out of Heaven if he gets a look at it.

Why, then, does Los Angeles not only support it but pamper it?

A canvass of a score of fans shows that there are many reasons for the extraordinary indulgence on the part of the supporters. Number one, they realize that the Chavez Ravine controversy, regardless of its merit or lack of it, was no fault of the players, yet could not help but rattle them somewhat. No one can do good work under insecure conditions.

Number two, the fans agree with Dodger President O'Malley and others that the ball team was bothered by the presence of the strange contraption in left field. The town just thought it was funnier than hell but the team played almost as if they were ashamed of it, and the pitchers had

THE GRINDING GROWL

Paul Zimmerman, sports editor of the L.A. Times, last week unleashed the first local blast against the Dodgers since the move from Brooklyn: "It is high time someone in authority does something about the doddering Dodgers besides alibi. . . . It has been some weeks now since the Dodgers were able to blame their weird antics on the diamond or the Chavez Ravine problem and they're still kicking away victories in class-D fashion."

"The loyal Los Angeles fans, who are well on their way toward setting a new National League attendance record, are entitled to something better."

"Dodger management is still giving the fans doubletalk. . . .

"There's no real excuse for a team dropping from world's championships to the depths of the National League in two years. . . . The time for outside transactions is past. . . . from now on any correcting of existing conditions must come from within."

to fight off incipient hysteria every time they looked at it. Don Drysdale, who used to knock the bats out of the hands of the opposition last year, waited till he was a safe 2,000 miles away from it before he even recovered enough of his composure to talk about it. It was a "monster," he said in Chicago. Other Dodger flingers went to the mound in the Coliseum as though they were on their way to be tied to the railroad tracks. Evidence of how rattled they were is not the home runs hit off them (73), it is the number of walks (nearly 200) they have given up in 50 games.

Number three, the fans realize the Coliseum is difficult to field in. For one thing, at day games the concrete rows glare whitely in the afternoon sun. Even veteran outfielders cannot get a jump on the ball till it soars above the rim of the stands, and they sometimes stagger around looking for it like a man brushing a wasp from his nose. Milwaukee Outfielder Mel Roach dropped one and, after pirouetting frantically under another one, finally settled where he thought the ball was coming down only to have Hank Aaron, sliding up behind him like a cat, catch it 10 feet from where Roach was waiting. At night, lights which are good enough for football are not quite good enough for a baseball which is so much smaller—even though the Dodgers added two expensive new banks of lights. The Coliseum takes some getting used to.

REAL, SNIDER, FURILLO COMBINE TO LOSE THE BALL IN A TYPICAL COLISEUM SCENE



The Dodgers, further, suffered a painful short-circuiting of their power when Gil Hodges unaccountably failed to hit over or even up to the left-field fence and Duke Snider, of course, couldn't even aim at it. A left-hander's average port of exit from the playing field of the Coliseum is about 400 feet away, and in the recent Pittsburgh series, Pirate Pitcher Bob Friend almost laughed as he just lobbed the ball up to the Duke twice. The Duke, exasperated, finally lashed into one—for a 380-foot out.

But the fans have been sold on the idea that the Dodgers are fundamentally better than their record. In some respects, they are just right for the town. Los Angeles, fan after fan agrees, does not really want a crew of monotonous perfectionists like the Yankees or a one- or two-man team like the Giants. They rather approve the crew of gifted but jittery professionals the Dodgers have proved to be—a team which is capable of having 12 runs scored against it in two games with only one ball hit out of the infield but also capable of turning around and knocking the ears off the world's best, as the Dodgers did in three straight against Milwaukee. And besides, as Publicist Harry Brand points out, "If they win the pennant the first year, what are they going to do for an encore?"

SILENT WOLVES

The Dodgers will get better, Los Angeles feels. They watch with sympathetic interest the twilight efforts of Reese and Hodges, and they are quietly sizing up Manager Walt Alston, a silent, aloof man who gives the grandstand wolves nothing to howl about because he, too, suffers in silence. If he would pop off, extroverted L.A. would answer him back. But Los Angeles has its heroes already: Johnny Podres, who calmly and coolly won four games in the Coliseum, one a shutout, at a time when other pitchers needed smelling salts just to get themselves to go out to the mound, is one. Charley Neal and Don Zimmer are the pets of the Coliseum, and the fans chuckle approvingly when Radio Announcer Vin Scully alludes to their double-play antics as "two kittens with a ball of yarn."

The Dodgers broadcasts (there is no television save for two out-of-town series with the Giants) have revived the almost lost art of radio listening. There are 10 radio stations in the

continued

Official Report #5

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RESURRECTION IN RED FLANNEL

Although it was nearly noon, Mr. Donald Newcombe, lately of Brooklyn and Los Angeles, but currently of Cincinnati, was still in bed. Dressed in red flannel pajamas and propped up by a pillow, he was relaxed and cheerful and quite ready to discuss the recent events which have recast him in a role he has played so often and so well—that of the star.

It was two years ago that Newcombe capped a successful career as a Dodger pitcher by winning 27 games and the National League's most valuable player award. Last year Newcombe won 11 games and no awards. This year, through mid-June, he won no games. So the Dodgers traded him to Cincinnati for a 242-pound first baseman named Steve Bilko and Johnny Klippstein, a pitcher who has proved he can lose in the majors.

At Cincinnati, Manager Birdie Tubbette waved a majestic hand across the skies and sent Don Newcombe out to pitch against the Cardinals, among whom he met another familiar figure in a new uniform: Sal Maglie (above). For the first time this year, Newcombe won. It made the Cincinnati people happy and it made Newcombe happy, while the Dodgers were left looking around for a uniform big enough to fit Bilko.

When Newcombe had returned to the dugout after giving up a first-inning home run to Stan Musial, Tubbette told him to go back out there the next inning and have some fun. "Throw hard," said Birdie, "and if they hit you, then they hit you."

"Did you have fun?"

"Heck, no. Look, my record was 6 and 6, I was losing the game 1-0 and I was with a new club. How could I

have fun! If you think we play this game for fun, you're crazy. This is a business. I'm a ballplayer, just like you're a sportswriter. If I do well, I get paid well and I can support my family. If it means running 15 minutes more a day or taking extra batting practice, it's worth it.

"I knew I wasn't doing the Dodgers any good, but I didn't think I'd be traded. A few days before the trading deadline, I asked Buzzie Bavasi if it was safe to invest in a business venture in Los Angeles. He told me he had no deals on the fire. And I guess he didn't, then. But when I looked so bad pitching on Sunday and Cincinnati made the offer, he changed his mind, I suppose.

"When you stay with one club as long as I was with the Dodgers, you're bound to feel a little bad leaving. We had some great teams, but I guess that's over now. I think people don't realize how much Jackie and Campy meant to that club. I got a nice letter from Jackie after I was traded. He told me he knew I had pride and he knew how I felt because he had been traded away, too. But he thought the trade would be a good thing for me. I think so, too. Cincinnati is a good club. That Bailey is an experienced catcher. He moves the target around a lot like Campy. And Hoak on third base needles me pretty good. Jackie used to do that.

"When I got to Cincinnati, Gabe Paul showed me letters in which he'd made bids for me in the past. And the first night I pinch hit, the crowd gave me a nice hand. They've all made me feel wanted here, and in any business that's a good feeling."

—WALTER BINGHAM

Dodger network in southern California from Santa Barbara to the Arizona border, but 50,000-watt KMPC is the Los Angeles outlet, and Advertising Director John M. Asher reports: "The Dodger baseball broadcasts brought back the kind of radio ratings the medium used to enjoy in the heyday of *Laz Rosh* Theatre, Jack Benny, Edgar Bergen and the other top-rated broadcasts. Baseball put half again as many sets into use as would ordinarily be turned on during the time periods, has made the area radio conscious as it hasn't been in many a day. Reports from radio repairmen show that people are digging dozens of old sets out of the attic and are having them put back into shape and that people buying new cars . . . specify that one of the push-buttons on the car radio be set so that they can tune the broadcasts. The station's mail has been tripled."

KMPC reports that its ratings were "the highest radio ratings earned by any station since television achieved saturation, with 66% of the radio audience or 400,000 homes tuned in."

If Los Angeles likes the Dodgers, the feeling is mutual. Most of the ballplayers settled in the solidly middle class southwest corner of the city abutting Long Beach, where the neighbors are working people but well paid and there are swimming pools in every block if not in every house.

The players go to work on the freeways in car pools, and like a lot of other newcomers find the weather too good to be believed. "Every day Pen Wee gets up in the morning," reports Mrs. Reese, "and says, 'Just imagine waking up every day and seeing the sun shining and knowing it is going to shine all day.'"

On the whole, the advent of the Dodgers into Los Angeles is working out just fine. A new ball park will have to be built—or the fence in the Coliseum will have to be moved back 50 feet (expensive at \$5,000 or more a foot). But the Dodgers are quite clearly a part of Los Angeles and Los Angeles a part of baseball. If the yardstick is Abner Doubleday's, baseball here is less than a smashing success. But baseball is also show business. As such, it must be measured by P. T. Barnum's yardstick also. On that scale, L.A.'s is the greatest show on earth.

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the *Light* refreshment

THE HUMAN SCIENCE OF MIXED DOUBLES

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

Illustrations by Ed Vebell

The four-time national mixed doubles champion and his wife Nancy give some pointers on how to enjoy a fine summer pastime



IT'S ALL GIVE AND TAKE

Mixed doubles, if it is played intelligently and accepted as a pleasant social interlude, can be great fun. It is an ideal way for husband and wife to team up and do something together during these summer months. Nancy and I have had a great deal of pleasure playing mixed doubles, so on these and the following three pages I shall tell you some of the useful things we have learned.

Like marriage, mixed doubles is a give-and-take proposition. The smart team, as in the smart marriage, lets the man appear to be the boss. To be sure, the lady must carry her fair share of the burden—and even more on those not infrequent occasions when she is actually a better player than her partner. But one of the delightful facets of mixed doubles is that it can be played to the hilt without destroying the fundamental relationship between male and female. He can exercise his masculinity to the fullest. She can be athletic and still feminine.

The basic precepts of mixed doubles that Nancy and I demonstrate here are just as applicable at Wimbledon as they are in a friendly match on the neighborhood court. First of all, the team should operate as a unit, remaining side by side in the backcourt or at net whenever possible, for it is only thus that you will both be at your best. When one or the other member of the team tries to dominate the court in doubles it not only detracts from the fun, it creates confusion, and the team is that much less effective.

Doubles is a game where the attacking team always has the advantage. Nancy and I constantly strive to attain and hold the net position, for it is there that a vast majority of the points are won. The advice that follows is predicated on the cardinal rules of doubles: work together, keep the pressure on your opponents and strive to reach the net where you will win your points.

The importance of a good first serve

It is an axiom of doubles—mixed or otherwise—that the server must win his serve or invite defeat. In this first drawing, Nancy and I show how you can use the serve to gain an initial advantage in court tactics. I am serving from a position midway between the center of the base line and the doubles

side line, thus leaving me with the shortest route to my proper position at net. Nancy, being a good volleyer, stands halfway between the net and service line and about 10 feet in from the far side line. For those who volley poorly it is advisable to play much closer to the net, and the less agile

should play much closer to the side line to protect the alley. But even poor volleyers should play the net when partner is serving, for this formation offers a psychological salient that more than offsets any shortcomings on the part of the player.

As shown in the diagram on the



THE GOLDEN RULES

For men:

1. Always ask your partner, "Would you like to serve first?" The courtesy is more important than the reply.
2. If it is your team's turn to receive, stand firmly in the left court and ask her: "Which court do you prefer to play?"
3. When your partner wrongly calls an opponent's shot out, don't correct her. Your opponents won't remember the favor, and she won't forgive you.
4. Don't try to win all your points from the lady across the net. It's more rewarding to show up the other man.
5. When the ball goes over the fence, fetch it on the trot. Women don't like men who are lazy.
6. Never serve your hardest to the opposing lady unless she is patently a better player than you are. Use a spin serve; it looks soft but is just as effective and nasty.
7. If a crucial point is needed and the opposing lady is inept, take advantage of her glaring weakness but then protest you meant to hit it elsewhere.
8. If your side wins, the drinks are on you.
9. Always play your best; women are allergic to losing.

For women:

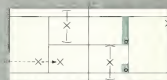
1. Let your partner serve first. It will make him feel that victory depends on him.
2. Play the right court when receiving (for the same reasons as above).
3. Don't apologize when you miss. You didn't mean to.
4. Wear the most becoming outfit you can find in your wardrobe, but don't try to be too spectacular looking. The too-intriguing costume can be as disconcerting to your partner as your opponent. The undeviating color for tennis is white.
5. Don't make your partner fetch all the loose balls around the court. He may shoo the helpless type.
6. Compliment your partner generously but unobtrusively when he makes a good shot. His ego is the key to his performance.
7. Don't gossip with the other players or the bystanders. In other words: sh-sh!
8. Play the net uncomplainingly if your partner asks you to. He may have a reason.
9. Always play your best; men prefer to win.

far right, the receiver should stand on the base line, and the partner who is not receiving should be in the middle of the service court ready to take the net away from the serving team if his partner's service return is strong enough.

I consider it most important to get

my first serve in and find that a three-quarter-speed serve not only gives me greater control but allows me more time to reach the net (position 1)—three priceless steps farther than I would get from a hard, flat cannonball that can be returned to me while I am still in no man's land between

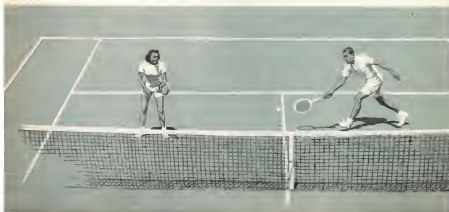
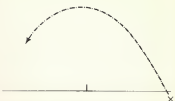
base line and service line (position 2). To protect your partner at net always serve deep (into the shaded areas of the diagram) and preferably to the receiver's backhand (circles on diagram), where the odds favor a weaker return. These fundamentals apply equally to the right and left courts.



CONTINUED

The defensive lob when in trouble

If your opponents are serving well—or you are serving weakly—you will quickly find yourself on the defensive in the backcourt, as is the case with Nancy and me in the drawing below. It is here that you will find the lob, particularly the defensive lob, most useful in extricating you from trouble. In this case, our opponents have played a shot deep and wide to my backhand, leaving us extremely vulnerable. They are waiting eagerly at net in good position to end the point. A very high defensive lob (see diagram) is my proper shot, and it should be played as deep as possible. This will give Nancy and me time to regain our best defensive formation before the return comes back.





The offensive lob to regain the net

Here you will see that our opponents have control of the net and are crowding it closely in hopes of ending the rally with a sharp volley off one of our returns. Nancy and I, although in the backcourt, are in good position and hence able to assume the attack whenever a useful opportunity presents itself. This is an excellent strategic moment for the offensive lob that will drive our opponents back and permit Nancy and me to grab the net position. The offensive lob, as distinguished from the defensive, is played low—low but very deep. Sure disaster lies in running to the net after a low lob that is too short. The opponents will just slam it at your feet while you are in no man's land (shaded area in diagram at right), and there is nothing you can do about that. Whenever possible, it is best to place the offensive lob on the backhand side of either of your opponents. Few tennis players have the ability to hit a forceful overhead from the backhand. I often purposely lob low to the backhand of a player at net, forcing him back slightly into his own vulnerable no man's land; since we can then almost surely bank on a weak return, Nancy and I follow the shot to net knowing we will catch our opponents in a bad position.



When in doubt: play the middle

Although the net is the position from which you will win the most points, it is by no means impregnable, as our opponents have demonstrated against Nancy and me in the drawing on the left. Our net position is proper, and a passing shot to the outside of us, where the net is six inches higher, would be extremely risky (see shaded areas in drawing at right). Each time the lob, they have chosen to play the safe percentage shot down the middle, keeping it low. There is no need to hit this shot hard; use only as much speed as you can control. Since the shot has been played low it will be impossible for me to volley it offensively for a winner, so all I can hope to do is return it deep enough to keep the opponents back and not lose the net for our side. Since I can cover the middle with my forehand, the down-the-middle shot is definitely my responsibility, but it would be Nancy's if our positions had been reversed and she were in the left-hand court.

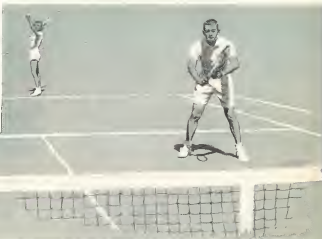
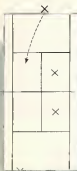


CONTINUED

Protecting a weak backhand

I am a great believer in the axiom: If losing, change tactics. In the drawing below, where Nancy is serving from the left-hand court, I have moved over to the same side to protect her backhand. Our opponent in the left-hand court had been making

beautiful cross-court returns of Nancy's serve, and she was having trouble with the low backhand volleys and half volleys she had to make in following her serve to net. Nancy now will run up to the net position on her stronger, forehand side.



The poacher can be both good and bad

The poach is a vital play in doubles, but not unless done with the full cooperation and consent of your partner. When I'm going to poach, I alert Nancy either by placing my racket behind my back or saying, "You're playing like a dream, darling." This is her cue to cover me from behind in case the maneuver backfires.

The worst menace on the court is the "bully" poacher who dashes back and forth at net leaving his partner bewildered. But there is a cure for him: hit it right at his middle (*arrow line*), down the alley he has just vacated, or over his head (*dotted line*). He'll get the message, and there will be more fun for all.

Independence Day firecracker

Light heavyweight Jesse Bowdry is expected to explode

against Jerry Luedee at Louisville July 4, and

like Logart takes on a West Coast puncher two days before

THE light heavyweight division, dominated by the kingly Archie Moore, is not overly talented on this side of the ocean. Six of its top 10 contenders, if that is the word, are from abroad. Harold Johnson, who doesn't get to fight much, and Tony Anthony, who dreams of being a heavyweight, are the only superior American fighters ranked in the division.

But now looms the powerful figure of a 20-year-old terrorist, Jesse Bowdry, a St. Louisan in the stable of Virgil Atkins, new welterweight champion. Bowdry became one of the most exciting prospects of the year when, making his TV debut a couple of months ago, he won handily from the competent Clarence Hinnant.

Bowdry goes on TV again at Louisville on the Fourth of July (a Friday) against Jerry Luedee, a tree surgeon who may find himself out on a limb. There is no recent form on Luedee, who has not fought this year, but in 1957 he won two, dropped three. Bowdry is rightly favored, and the bout's principal interest lies in a chance to see again his superior jab and punishing, chopping rights.

The 6-foot Luedee, who learned how to throw a left hook from Tommy Gibbons while campaigning successfully for the All-Army middleweight title, can take punishment, provided he is in shape after such a long layoff, but he may be on the way to his first knockout defeat. Bowdry has won 18 of his 24 professional fights by knockout, though none of them against ranked opposition. He has been brought along carefully, but has lost twice, once by knockout, to Sonny Ray, whom he had beaten previously. Bowdry's friends attribute the knockout to carelessness and the defeat by decision to a foul penalty.

The Wednesday night (July 2) TV show pits Isaac Logart, whom Virgil

Atkins knocked out of the race for the welterweight title, against a lightweight, a factor which makes the skilled Logart a favorite with the oddsmakers. But the lightweight is Don Jordan, a West Coast sensation who fights welterweights as a matter of course, largely because most lightweights want no part of his fast hands and murderous punch. One of these punches knocked out and broke the jaw of Paddy DeMarco, former lightweight champion. He has scored four one-round knockouts in Mexico, where he is very popular, partly because of his fluent Spanish and excellent guitar playing.

Throwing out of the reckoning Jordan's January loss to Dave Charnley, British lightweight champion, in which he received demerits for slugging Charnley after the eighth- and

ninth-round bells, one might be tempted to go against the odds and pick Jordan. But a bout with Logart is quite a step up in class for him. Logart should win. The fight will be held at the Hollywood Legion Stadium.

Meanwhile, the Floyd Patterson-Roy Harris heavyweight title fight, scheduled for August in Los Angeles, has run into a snarl. The California boxing commission, which wants the fight, does not particularly want Al Weill, Rocky Marciano's onetime manager, as co-promoter with the Hollywood Legion Stadium. Looking into Weill's current activities, the commission found he had been in recent communication with Mobster Frankie Carbo, renewing old friendship. Just a couple of weeks ago they met at the Agua Caliente race track.

Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, quickly signaled the very independent promoter Jack Hurley to stand by as replacement for Weill, and the fight now seems set for August 18. **END**



BOWDRY, in white trunks, landing a hard right to the head of Clarence Hinnant, first came to national TV prominence in this bout, which he won handily by a decision.



Gene Littler*

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*Member of Spalding's Golf Advisory Staff

SPALDING
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Tip from the Top

DAVE MARR, Rockaway Hunting Club, Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Putting spin on the ball

ONE QUESTION I am asked very frequently is, "How do you put spin on a pitch shot?" It takes a little explaining, so let me begin at the beginning. The ball is played off the left heel, and the player must be sure he is using a very light grip on the club. This last point—the importance of a light grip—is almost the critical one in executing the shot. If you grip the club too tightly, as most golfers do, you inhibit the correct action of the arms and the hands. You will come into the ball with a jab, and that only lofts the ball.

When you have taken the correct grip—hands together and not gripping tensely—you let the club swing back freely. You do not move the hands too far back, for you will be able to generate all the speed you need through timing. As you come into the ball and hit it, the act of swinging tends automatically to make your grip on the club firmer. You feel this firmness particularly in the left hand. In fact, as you hit down and through the ball in the same motion, your right hand hits against a firm left hand. This left hand, as the illustration shows, is in almost perfect alignment with the left wrist and the left arm as you hit through. The hands do not turn over. They go right out for your target.

On this shot you want to be smooth. You don't consciously try to put spin on the ball. You try for clubhead feel and timing, both based on that all-important light grip which the momentum of the downswing makes firmer.



The left hand, wrist and arm are in almost perfect line as you hit through

NEXT WEEK: Lew Mgrs on accurate putting stroke



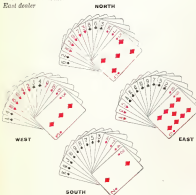
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The Gerber Club dinner

THAT talk is not as cheap as it sometimes appears to be was demonstrated by a little byplay in connection with the hand shown below.

During the Mixed Team of Four Championship at a national tournament of the American Contract Bridge league some years ago, ably fulfilling the role of kibitzer-in-chief was John Gerber of Houston, inventor of the celebrated four-club slam convention. Mr. Gerber not long ago figured in the news (SI, April 7) when at the Spring National Championships he struck up a last-minute partnership with Mrs. M. J. Novak, whom he had met five minutes before kickoff time, to win an outstanding victory in the Mixed Pair Championship. In this particular hand, Mr. Gerber was not involved, but he promptly injected himself into the analysis at the post-mortem proceedings. But I'm a little ahead of my story.

East-West vulnerable
East dealer



EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
5 ♠	5 ♠	PASS	PASS
6 ♣	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

East, apprehensive of an enemy attack in spades, decided to preempt with a bid of five clubs, a daring act when one considers the conditions of vulnerability. South, your reporter, who had mentally projected a pussyfoot campaign should East open with a bid of one, had no choice but to overcall with five spades, and East brazenly carried on to six clubs. South, in the vague hope that North might be able to bid higher, made a forcing pass, and North, Helen Sobel, doubled. The defense cashed two diamond tricks, and the minus-200 score (honors are not counted at match-point play) proved a gratifying result for East and West.

Crushed by the adverse strategy, your reporter, on a hasty analysis, announced that we had been suckered out of a small slam. Gerber, one of the quickest thinkers I have ever encountered at the card table, instantly volunteered that the spade slam could be defeated by the opening lead of the ace and another trump. Helen Sobel just as quickly asserted that six spades was invincible, and a wager to cover dinner that night was promptly made.

The cards were spread again, and play proceeded with all hands exposed. The second spade lead was won with the 6 in dummy. Then followed the king of hearts, covered by East's ace, which South ruffed. A low diamond to the jack held the trick, and the jack of hearts covered by East's queen was ruffed by South. Then followed all the trumps, with the South hand reduced to A-7-4 of diamonds and the North hand to K-5 of diamonds and the 9 of hearts. West, holding Q-8-6 of diamonds and the 10 of hearts, could find no safe discard. But all this required less time than it is taking me to describe it.

Gerber conceded that he had spoken too quickly, but he was a charming host at dinner.

EXTRA TRICK

The Gerber convention uses a jump bid to four clubs exactly as Blackwood employs the bid of four no trump. Partner is required to show how many aces he has by a series of "step" responses: four diamonds, none (or all four); four hearts, one; four spades, two; etc. Thereafter, to learn about kings, the Gerberite rebids five clubs where the Blackwooder would say five no trump.

Gerber offers two advantages: information exchanged at a lower level; no confusion when either partner has previously bid no trump. Some players use Gerber after no trumps and Blackwood when only suits have been mentioned.

Election by experience

Nerveless veterans grabbed most of the AAU honors and the envied assignments to Russia

Poise bred from the maturity of experience was worth a ticket to Moscow in the National AAU Track and Field championships in Bakersfield, Calif. last weekend. Harold Connolly, the record holder in the hammer throw, pointed the way early when he broke his own world record in the first event of the meet; in the 440-yard hurdles Glenn Davis added a third world record to his collection.

The youngsters came close in some events, but the veterans of nerve-twanging competition on a hundred tracks in a hundred meets won out. Bobby Morrow, the imperturbable

Olympic sprint champion from Abilene Christian College, coasted through trial heats in second or third place, then turned up his competitive overdrive a notch and won the 100- and 220-yard dashes. Eddie Southern, an Olympic veteran who can beat any quarter-mile in the world except Glenn Davis, was a 10th of a second off Davis' week-old world record in winning the 440-yard dash, and Tom Courtney, the Olympic 800-meter champion, running only his third race of the dying track season, won the 880-yard run.

Herb Elliott, old in competition despite his 20 years, won the mile from fellow Australian Merv Lincoln; Olympic champion Parry O'Brien won the shot, Rink Babka the discus, Bud Held the javelin, Bob Backus the weight throw, Ron Morris the pole vault and Charley Dumas

the high jump. All in all, it was a bleak time for the youngsters.

Southern, who spent a long week fighting off a deep depression after his loss to Davis in the NCAA, was relaxed for this race.

"I feel like a tiger," he said before the 440-yard final. "A baby tiger, maybe, but baby tigers can bite." He led all the way, from the gun to the tape, fighting off a late surge by Olympic 400-meter champion Charlie Jenkins. "I ran with my head as well as my legs this time," he said later. Jenkins, who ran on the pole (Southern was next to him in lane two), was .6 of a second under his best time in 46.1 behind Southern's 45.8.

"I surprised myself," Jenkins said. "I haven't worked much lately. I had reached a plateau and I actually thought I was beginning to slack off. But now I am on a new plane and I believe I will improve. I figure running the pole costs you three yards in a two-turn 440 where you run in lanes all the way. Watch."

Jenkins trotted out on the track. "Now look how close to the line I can run out here in lane two," he said, running a tiptrope an inch inside the white line marking the inner boundary of the lane. "Now I'm running the pole," he said, trotting back up the track. He came back, running a foot away from the cement curb. "You can't smuggle up so close to that curb," he said. "You're taking a chance on stepping on it and breaking stride. So you're giving away maybe three yards."

Jenkins had finished about three yards behind Southern.

In the mile, Australia's Herb Elliott won a bruising race from Merv Lincoln, who had the unpleasant distinction of having run the fastest nonwinning mile in track history. Lincoln turned in the best mile of his life (3:58.5), only to trail Elliott's 3:57.9. Don Bowden, who tried to run Ron Delany into the ground in the NCAA last week, made the same mistake against Elliott this time. He and Gail Hodgson, the South African who runs for the University of Oklahoma, hurtled to a 37.8 quarter and a 1:59.6 half, then died as the two Australians took over the lead on the last lap.

"I was in the worst mental and physical condition of my career," Elliott said afterward. "I'm tired and homesick. I just ran this time to win. I didn't run this 4-minute mile; the



BOBBY MORROW (second from right) won the 100-yard dash in 9.4 seconds at Bakersfield meet, but "personal obligations" prevent him from making the Moscow trip he earned.

MISSION TO MOSCOW

At the conclusion of the national championships the following team was chosen to compete in the dual meet with Russia July 27-28

HEAD COACH
George Eastment, Menasha

ASSISTANT COACHES
Peyton Jordan, Stamford
Lerry Snyder, Ohio State

100-METER DASH
Ira Murchison, Willie White

200-METER DASH
Jim Segrist, Glenn Davis

400-METER DASH
Eddie Southern, Charlie Jenkins

800-METER RUN
Tom Courtney, Mike Pease

1,600-METER RUN
Ed Moran, Jim Grelle

5,000-METER RUN
Bill Dellinger, Max Trues

10,000-METER RUN
Gordon McKee, Jerry Smartt

110-METER HIGH HURDLES
Hayes Jones, Ansel Robinson

400-METER HURDLES
Glenn Davis, Jack Culbreth

3,000-METER STEEPLECHASE
Charlie Jones, Phil Coleman

20-KILOMETER WALK
Ronald Lord, James Hewson

HAMMER THROW
Harold Connolly, Al Hall

POLE VAULT
Ken Morris, Jim Stuber

HIGH JUMP
Charley Oumes, Paul Stuber

BROAD JUMP
Ernie Shelby, Bill Jackson

HOP, STEP & JUMP
Ira Davis, Kent Florio

JAVELIN THROW
Bud Held, Al Contello

SHOT PUT
Perry O'Brien, Dallas Long

DISCUS THROW
Rink Babka, Al Oerter

400-METER RELAY
Ed Callagane, Jim Segrist
Ira Murchison, Willie White

1,600-METER RELAY
Eddie Southern, Glenn Davis
Charlie Jenkins, Jack Yermen

Following the national decathlon championships at Palmbyre, N.J. July 4-5, two additional athletes will be named to the above team, which will also make three other European stops after Moscow. After the women's track and field championships at Morrisburg, N.J. July 5, a team of 20 will be selected to accompany the men to Moscow for competition with the Russian women.

other chaps ran it and I just finished it."

Although the two Australians finished first and second, America's hopes in the mile were boosted by the fine showing of Ed Moran, a junior at Penn State who competed for the New York Athletic Club, and Jim Grelle of Oregon. Moran finished third in 4:01.7 and Grelle, who finished fourth, was given the same time. Jerome Walters ran 4:02.2 in fifth and Bowden, a tired sixth, was around 4:04, although no official time was kept on him.

American domination of the field events against Russia—and the rest of Europe—is nearly certain. Beginning with Connolly's tremendous 225 feet 4 inches in the hammer throw, Americans won all the field trials. Connolly, who appears small among the behemoths who inhabit the hammer circle, got off his record throw despite a separated collarbone. Doing

dead-weight lifts with bar bells three weeks ago, Connolly pulled his collarbone away from his breastbone and was unable to work out for two weeks. The injury was still painful in warmups here, and 20 minutes before the competition began Connolly had an injection of two cubic centimeters of blockain directly into the joint by Dr. Harry A. Tyerman. His first throw was 217 feet 6 inches, but Al Hall hit 217-5 and Connolly reacted to the competition briskly. "Hall's throw sent the adrenalin jumping through me like a bee sting," he said later. "I didn't feel any pain from the injury and the throw was smooth all the way around." Connolly did not use his final attempt.

Rink Babka and Al Oerter finished first and second in the discus, Babka winning at 187 feet 10 inches. Possibly Babka had a stronger motivation in this meet; he was anxious to make the plane for Russia be-

cause the American track team will probably also compete in Czechoslovakia, where his parents were born.

Perry O'Brien, who has dominated the shot for six years, must have felt a twinge of foreboding in winning his specialty. He is an extraordinarily self-confident young man and his 61-foot 11¼-inch put was good for an AAU record, but an 18-year-old youngster who came to this meet fresh from graduation exercises at North Phoenix High School was close at 60 feet 5 inches. Dallas Long, nervous as a fox in a forest fire, forgot his technique for his preliminary throws and barely qualified for the finals. With only one throw left, he was well back in the field, but his final put, again made with only a minimum of technique but a maximum of brute strength, put him in second place.

America will be represented by another high school athlete in the Russian meet in July. Paul Stuber, a junior at Bellflower High School of California, finished second in the high jump to Olympic champion and world record holder Charley Dumas. Dumas, jumping almost casually, cleared 6-9½; Stuber, who surveyed each jump very carefully, did 6-9, the best jump of his life, while experimenting with his style.

"I used a six-step approach before this meet," he said. "Then I saw Charley using eight steps and I tried that and jumped an inch higher than I ever have before."

Injuries cost the U.S. the services of some top competitors. Bob Gutowski, the world-record holder in the pole vault, suffered a bruised ankle in a regional meet a week ago and did not compete at Bakersfield. Elias Gilbert, the brilliant hurdler from Winston-Salem, was under par with a pulled leg muscle and finished third to Hayes Jones (13.8) and Ansel Robinson (14 flat) in the 120-yard high hurdles. Greg Bell, the 26-foot broad jumper from Indiana, missed this meet with a pulled muscle, but Ernie Shelby of Kansas, who won at 25 feet 10¼ inches, has little to fear from European competition.

Only in the distance races, as usual, does the American team appear well below world standards.

We may never break the European monopoly on the distance races, since these have little appeal to American athletes. On the other hand, with youngsters like Long and Stuber coming up, Europe and Russia may never win anything else.

END

A nice guy to finish first

One way or another, trotting's biggest prize should fall to Del Miller. Either his own entry or a colt sired by his million-dollar stallion, Adios, is the likely winner

BY THE happiest kind of coincidence, the richest event in the history of harness racing will likely be won next week by the most popular man in the sport. The event is the \$150,000 Messenger Stake at New York's Roosevelt Raceway, and the man is Delvin Miller. And by no coincidence at all but rather the relentless ferment through which great talent works its way inexorably to the top, Miller is also the finest all-round horseman that sulky racing has ever produced.

Large statements like that last one usually attract dissent as easily as kittens draw children. In this instance, however, even bias allows scant support for argument. Miller may have his equal in one or more of trotting's many key areas—in breeding, raising, training, driving and stable and farm management, to name a few—but no man's career has yet encompassed every facet of the sport with such resounding success. He has won every major stake that trotting offers and some which are no longer contested; he has more 2-minute miles to his credit (the equivalent of foot racing's 4-minute mile) than most drivers have even witnessed; his breeding savvy developed Adios into the premier pacer age now in service; his public stable is a model of efficiency and record holder in purse winnings; and his advice on the care and training of horses, which appears in the trade magazine *Hoof Beats*, is the best-read column of opinion in the business. A final demonstration of the man's versatility occurred last year when he became a track impresario, sponsoring his own meeting at Arden Downs in Washington, Pa.—a meeting which was so successful that

it is now a permanent stop on the Grand Circuit, trotting's touring big league series of stakes. It is worth noting also that Miller himself won the feature at that first meeting.

Sheer horsemanship accounts for much of the Miller saga, but the leaven of warm human relationships on which he rode to the top of his profession and which sustains him at the top today is the happy byproduct of personality, not talent. This is the epitome of the genus sportsman—by definition, "one who in sports is fair and generous; a good loser and a graceful winner." In a bitterly competitive arena, the mark of whose performers is often secrecy and self-aggrandizement, Miller is an open-handed dispenser of aid and instruction to all comers. Repeatedly, when he has had two horses in a big stake,

he has allowed assistants to drive the better horse, though without fear of criticism he could have kept the glory (and cash) of winning for himself. This happened in the Hambletonian (1953) and twice in the Little Brown Jug (1951 and '52). And only a few weeks ago at Roosevelt Raceway, Miller chose to drive the colt that placed second in the \$34,000 Hopeful Pace while his assistant, Ned Bower, drove the winner.

Trying to account for such behavior the other day, Miller offered this explanation: "When I was starting out in harness racing, there were very few kids like me around. Most of the oldtimers wouldn't teach you anything. You had to find out everything yourself. I made up my mind I'd be different if I got to be successful." Though this may not be a full explanation of the development of the man's character, the facts themselves are accurate enough. Now 45, Miller began competitive driving at 16, in the rugged bush leagues of trotting, long before the era of night pari-mutuel raceways. At 10, however, he was already jogging horses for his grandfather on the farm near Avella, Pa., which has been in Miller hands for more than 160 years. Some idea of Grandfather Tom Miller's dedication to the trotting horse, which he passed on to Del, can still be seen on the farm today. It is a 15/16-of-a-mile track, patiently dug around a rocky hillside (the only site then available) during the 1890s, and so perfectly leveled and drained that a bare minimum of tractor work would make it serviceable once again.

Miller's career, interrupted only by three years' service in the remount in the CBI theater of war, never hit a serious setback as he moved up through the minor leagues, quickly, to the big time. He developed and drove to sparkling victories a slew of the finest trotters and pacers ever in harness—Tar Heel, Solicitor, Direct

TROTTING'S RICHEST RACE

The Messenger Stake for 3-year-old pacers. Named for the English-bred Messenger, progenitor of practically all harness horses racing today, who died in 1868.

PLACE: Roosevelt Raceway, N.Y.

DATE: July 4

TELEVISION: 10-1030 p.m. E.D.T., ABC (coast-to-coast except New York).

TOTAL PURSE: \$150,000.

DISTANCE: 1 mile

QUALIFYING TRIALS: Friday, June 27. First leg of pacer's Triple Crown, which also includes the Little Brown Jug and the Yankees Futurity.

THE FAVORED FIVE: Thorpe Hanover, O'Brien Hanover (Del Miller entry); Shadow Wave, Rader Frost (Joe O'Brien entry); Adios Paul (Johnny Simpson).

Rhythm, Stenographer, Lorraine (his first 2-minute performer)—and many whose near approach to greatness could hardly have been achieved in other hands. But it is undoubtedly true that Miller's shrewd analysis of Adios' potential and his brilliant handling of the stallion's service mark the high point, thus far, of his career, in both a sporting and financial sense. Adios' influence will be a factor in the breeding of standardbreds for as long as the sport exists. After the amazing success of his very first crop of foals, Adios went on to earn more than a half million dollars in fees; when Miller sold him to the Hanover Farm for another half million, he became the first million-dollar horse in harness annals.

It is the finest of ironies, therefore, that if Del Miller does not win the rich Messenger Stake on July 4, Adios himself will be largely responsible. All three colts who appear to have the best chance of beating Miller's own pair of entries are sons of this great bay stallion. They are Joe O'Brien's Raider Frost and Shadow Wave and Johnny Simpson's Adios Paul.

Miller's Messenger colts are Thorpe Hanover and O'Brien Hanover, both sons of Tar Heel. Thorpe was so unimpressive as a yearling that all the major stables passed him up in the 1956 sales, and Miller himself bought him (for the bargain price of \$5,000), primarily for eventual breeding purposes. Within a year, however, the respect that the "made by Miller" tag has earned was again substantiated: Thorpe, a scary, tender-mouthed youngster at first, became the money-winning 2-year-old champion of 1957, with purses of \$60,766. Thus far this season he has been raced lightly (only three starts), and with, to some observers, surprisingly poor results, since he has won just one. But it is the opinion here that if Thorpe is ready, he is unbeatable in his class. And if Miller believes that this is a colt who must be brought along slowly, he is undoubtedly right.

O'Brien Hanover is another story. Smaller and less powerful than Thorpe, he is possibly more usable. He has started 11 times this season and won six, beating five Messenger eligibles in Roosevelt's \$25,000 Jubilee Pace less than a month ago with the excellent clocking of 2:02. The Miller entry would be odds-on favorites for the big race if it were not for those superb driving strat-



PREMIER HORSEMAN in sulky racing, Del Miller is even better known for his instant generosity to fellow harness competitors and the easy, affable charm he exhibits above.

eguts Simpson and O'Brien who challenge with a formidable trio; all three, however, stimulate some doubt.

Raider Frost has truly great speed but only occasionally shows the disposition to use it. This is a trait which can embarrass even as highly respected a driver as Joe O'Brien—and already has. In addition, bad luck has dogged Raider all year—like the time at Laurel recently when a sudden cyclonic wind tore the roof off his stall and slammed it onto his back. Unbelievably, he was not injured physically, but the shock did nothing to improve his race-track manners.

Shadow Wave's potential is also difficult to gauge, for a different reason. Never raced as a 2-year-old because of a debilitating high fever at the start of the 1957 campaign, he has gone to the post seven times this year and won seven times. But the competition has hardly been top grade, and though the winning habit is an excellent psychological edge to bring along to a big race, the Messenger will be Shadow Wave's first

real test. If he wins, he will prove himself far more of a colt than even O'Brien suspects.

Johnny Simpson had two Messenger contenders in winter training this year—Adios Paul and Painter. They will be favored entries in later big stables like the Little Brown Jug and the Yonkers Pace, but both have been hobbled by lameness thus far and will not be ready for peak efforts by July 4. It is likely that Painter will not even start, and Paul's showing will be as much a credit to Simpson's training skill as the colt's ability.

Of the other entries, only Stanley Dancer's Pat Rainbow and Tommy Winn's Flying Time have shown anywhere near the talent to earn a piece of this purse. And it will take some startling reversals of form or phenomenal racing luck for it to be more than a very small piece.

If the Messenger were a popularity contest, there would be no doubt of the winner; since it's a horse race, which means that anything can happen, the affable, talented gentleman smiling above is simply the strongest kind of favorite.

END

The Pleasures of the Picnic

THE DAY is fulgent, the countryside is lush. The queen's privy buckhounds can be heard above the two thin copper sounds of the horn, and in a sun-dappled glade the royal cook has begun to unpack hampers filled with cold roast meats, pigeon pies, hams and wines aplenty. Queen Elizabeth has elected to picnic. Time: 1576. Scene: the Forest of Arden.

Such a moment of dining al fresco is surely as old as man himself—and as contemporary as the gathering at the right (on the hillside overlooking the course of the Maryland Hunt, a sporting event which is a four-minute steepleschase but an all-day picnic). It is the mood that counts, whether the occasion is extravagant or strictly *entre nous*. Sir Walter Scott loved lavish picnics at which his guests angled for leaping trout and the host cooled the wine by tying the bottles with string to dangle in the chilly brook. A generation earlier, Horace Walpole recalled an outdoor meal of seven minced chickens stewed over a spirit lamp by a hughorn lady, and a dessert of strawberries purchased from a strolling fruit vendor.

Formal or familiar, a picnic mood should be a festive mood, to bring to eating a touch of adventure. In this era of gadgetry, no lady need hover over an 18th century lamp nor, indeed, is the temperature of a man's potato dependent upon the proximity of running water. Ours is the era of gracious outdoor living, and it cries out for imaginative menus. Picnics should be repasts to which jaded males come eagerly rather than eying them as arduous bouts against discomfort and soggy vittles.

Picnics (the word is an 18th century adaptation from the French *picnique*) may have thrived first in the ages of chivalry and romance, but they took on an entirely different coloration when they crossed the Atlantic. In pioneer America picnics built log cabins, raised barns, threshed wheat; there were husking bees, soap boilings, quilting bees, tree-felling drives. All picnics. As the need for community effort passed, the gregarious pleasure of eating out of doors has lingered on as a social custom that ranges from block parties to clambakes and tail gate feasts (81, Oct. 14, 1957) to the mile-long line of tables at the annual Iowa picnic in California. Here is a heritage which requires little more than good weather and good spirits to get the cook out of the kitchen and into the open.

But it does take planning. The trick is to prepare as much of the food as possible ahead of departure. Pack the ice chest with salad dressings and perishables to keep them cool en route to the picnic site. And have an overabundance of food; appetites have a way of increasing out of doors. The suggestions I list to the right are my own tested successes for satisfying the most ravenous *picniqueur*.

—EVAN JONES

A RIVIERA SANDWICH

For variety with a certain amount of dash, try French rolls served in the manner that is known as *pain bagné*, or bathed bread. Cut the rolls in half lengthwise and rub generously with garlic. Spread with slices of black olives, pineapples or green pepper, tomatoes, onions, anchovies, artichoke hearts, lettuce. Pour over the rolls a liberal quantity of French salad dressing (three parts oil to one part vinegar), join the halves and put the sandwiches under heavy weight for half an hour. This is the classic repast of outdoor boaters on the French Riviera, as well as a favorite of *sauveteurs* at Nice and Cannes. Red wine is indicated with this hearty delicacy.

CORNISH PASTIES

Cornish pasties are meat pies that date back to the Middle Ages and make a surprise hit on a picnic. Combine pound of dried roamed steak, cup of dried rice potatoes, 1½ cups chopped onions, salt and pepper to taste. Roll pie dough ¼ inch thick and cut into 6-inch rounds. Heap 3 tablespoons of filling on each, variable with tablespoons of chopped parsley and dot with butter. Fold the dough, seal the edges and crimp, prick the top and brush with beaten egg. Bake in moderate oven 45 minutes; then make a small incision and add two tablespoons of heavy cream; bake 15 minutes longer. Pasties are good cold, or they can be wrapped in foil and reheated over the grill.

CHAMPAGNE AND TURKEY

Pack the ice chest with bottles of champagne. Start the meal with cold omelet, followed by baby turkey terrapin, Mediterranean rice, asparagus salad and pineapple ice. Make a marinade of one cup each of white wine and olive oil and ¼ cup of tarragon. Have a baby turkey spiced and the *lucidious* remoué; marinate overnight. At the picnic bake frequently while the bird broils over hot coals 1½ hours. Boil a cup of rice, and while corn add French dressing. Season with salt, pepper, grated nutmeg. Add a tablespoon each of mixed tarragon and basil, chopped parsley, black olives, red and green pineapples. Decorate with quartered tomatoes and let stand to cool.



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THE BATTLE OF THE HAMS

by BILL LEONARD

The star of CBS-TV's 'Eye on New York' reports on a hobby—amateur radio—that is distinguished by one of the most grueling international competitions in all sport

ON the night of February 7, 1958, a few moments before 2 a.m., Canadian Army Sergeant Elvin Veale of the U.N. Emergency Force stepped out of his quarters into the bitter night air of the Gaza Strip. He was tense, excited, braced for the job ahead. At the same moment, in a Tokyo suburb, Haruo Yoneda, a Japanese TV executive, pushed back a final cup of breakfast tea and disappeared into the tiny room from which he emerged 48 hours later, glassy with exhaustion, and utterly happy.

Sergeant Veale, Mr. Yoneda, Ludvik Kloucek of the Mongolian People's Republic, Empty in Johannesburg, Eva and Alex in Casablanca, Nose in Hawaii, this reporter and a multitude of others—from Pitcairn Island to Punxsutawney, Pa.—were about to begin play in the oddest, toughest and by any standards the most international of all sporting competitions. This was the start of the 34th annual DX contest for ra-

dio amateurs of the world, sponsored by the American Radio Relay League.

DX means distance in the abbreviated jargon of hams (amateur radio operators)—and the object of a DX contest is for one station to talk to as many other stations in as many other places as possible in a prescribed length of time. The Grand National of the many DX contests sponsored annually by clubs, organizations and magazines in dozens of countries (including Russia) is the ARRL's affair. There are more American hams (140,000) than in all the rest of the world combined (60,000), and in this biggest of electronic scrambles operators in the U.S. and Canada compete against each other and talk only to foreign stations. Overseas hams contact only Americans and Canadians.

It takes about six months before logs, sent from the six continents, can be tabulated and checked. So this year's winners won't be officially known until the results are published

SOME HAM TERMS AND ABBREVIATIONS

CW: Continental code.
DX: Literally, distance. A distant or difficult-to-reach station.
OM: Old man. Any male ham operator.
YL: Young lady. Girl ham operator.
XYL: Wife [sister].
CQ: General call to any station.
73: Best regards.
QRM: Interference.
QSO: A conversation between hams.
QSL: A confirmation of contact between stations.
Rig: Transmitter.
Skywire: Antenna.
Phone: Voice (as distinct from code).
To work: To contact a station.
Cans: Headphones.

in an early autumn issue of *QST*, the official magazine of ham radio. But on the basis of claimed scores, still subject to cross-checking, George Morrow, W8BKP, of Washingtonville, Ohio, and Robert Cheek, W3LOE, of Catonsville, Md., may be the U.S. high scorers for voice and code respectively. Outside the U.S. Katashi Nose, KH6LJ, of Hawaii swept both the voice and code contests for the first time ever.

These, and the other winners in foreign countries and various sections of the United States and Canada, cart away no cash or golden wassail cups. Certificates (suitable for framing—but barely) are the only visible rewards of this tense and exhausting competition. The thrills are not in the prizes or the honors but in a kind

continued

4 COLORFUL QSL CARDS from every corner of the globe are exchanged by hams as proof that they have talked to each other. This sample from the author's collection is representative. Reading clockwise from upper left: one of the rarest DX catches, JT1AA, only ham voice of Outer Mongolia; a llama from Lima—Peru's OAA4B; two GIs report from Saudi Arabia (note also USMC in Japan, KA2MA, at lower

left); next, a rare and lovely card from remote Lams; a scenic depiction of Reg Tibbetts' home area in the West Indies; SV0WT's card from "sunny Athens"; a typical Russian QSL, U18KAE from the republic of Uzbek; KA08C—yes, there are even hams on Iwo Jima; and, center, an Argentine patriot on LU8AAT's card. Background is page from *Radio Amateur Call Book Magazine*, which lists all hams.

Photograph by Richard Meek

of fish-and-hunt excitement, with a voice 6,000 miles away in Rarotonga or Rio de Oro as the quarry.

Depending on just how serious he is on the subject, the DX contest man will not only kill himself in a contest, but he will spend the better part of a year getting ready for the exquisite torture of 48 hours of almost continuous operating. He will plan, assemble and erect, usually at considerable cost and occasional risk of limb, an endless succession of antennas, designed to make his station sound just a little louder in Minsk than the fellow who beat him out last year. He will memorize (if he doesn't know them all to begin with) the names and call-letter prefixes of every "country" in the world (there are nearly 300 "countries," for hams count many islands and possessions as well as motherlands). He probably has written or talked previously on the air with a hundred hams half a world away arranging crucial schedules for the contest period. He has experimented with diet and sleep habits, stay-awake pills and coffee strengths and has literally gone into training for the contest ordeal.

He does all these things and, in addition, takes a lot of perfectly sensible abuse from what are laughingly referred to as loved ones, because ham radio in general, and a DX contest in particular, is more fun than beating Yale. It may indeed be true that while golf is a game, bridge a

hobby and girls an avocation—ham radio is a passion. Like most passions, it is pretty much a mystery to those who are not in love.

Amateur radio, like the airplane, is no longer a crude Kitty Hawk baby. Once it did take a garage full of fairly frightening equipment to say almost nothing to almost nobody almost no distance away. And it took an odd breed of nose-in-the-formula duck to master the intricacies of the spark gaps, tickler coils and reflex audions, to say nothing of the dials and dials. Today, a transmitter-receiver combination no bigger than a portable typewriter is on the market, easily capable of regular communication with all parts of the world. It is about as difficult to operate as a home hair-rinse kit.

A great deal has been written about the work of hams in national and local emergencies—floods, wrecks and hurricanes. Hams are proud of their public-service record. Perhaps just as important, and frequently overlooked, is the fact that hams are among the nation's best ambassadors abroad. An estimated 10,000 conversations between U.S. and foreign hams take place every day. The Voice of America considers ham radio of such vital international interest that one of its few programs in English, beamed to Europe and Asia, is a weekly ham show.

There are hams who are housewives (girls allowed) and handleners (Gene Krupa), politicians (Herbert Hoover Jr.) and comedians (Arthur Godfrey).

king (Prince Abdullah Feisal of Saudi Arabia) and writers (Ernest Swell of *Success* magazine), ship captains (Kurt Carlson of the ill-fated *Flying Enterprise*) and captains of industry (Hazard Reeves, president of Cinerama), guardians of the air (Air Force Vice-Chief of Staff, General Curtis LeMay) and of the seedy (New York Prison Warden Ed Dros). There are hams who are doctors, lawyers, and a sprinkling of Indian chiefs, in India.

Of course, every American knows how radio works, just as he understands television, refrigerators, reciprocating engines, women's minds and other everyday miracles. But we shall risk a word about how amateur radio fits into the broadcasting scheme.

RADIO energy can be pictured as waves, all traveling at the same speed, the speed of light (light, incidentally, is just very, very short radio waves, and our eyes a remarkable radio receiver that tunes in on light waves). Some radio waves are long, only a few of them passing a given point each second. Others are short waves, hardly any distance between crests, but many waves passing a given point each second. The wave lengths used for regular broadcasting are quite long (around a quarter mile from trough to trough). TV uses much, much shorter wave lengths, its channels falling in the so-called VHF (very high frequency) and UHF (ultra high frequency) range. Most of the bands assigned to hams fall in the wave lengths in between, where almost all long-distance radio transmission takes place, not only amateur but military, plane to plane, ship to shore, commercial services, international broadcasting and overseas radio telephone. In the range between 10 and 100 meters the radio waves exhibit the remarkable property of bouncing off a vast electrified layer of the upper atmosphere, called the ionosphere, and returning to earth thousands of miles away. It is a tricky business predicting just how and when which waves will bounce how far, for conditions change violently almost minute to minute, according to a dozen factors, including the season of year, light, darkness and sunspot activity.

Hams can operate in seven narrow ranges, the so-called 10, 11, 15, 20, 40, 80 and 160 meter bands where international DX is common. In addition other VHF and UHF bands are set aside for more or less local work. Hams

HOW TO BECOME A HAM

The Federal Government favors ham operations and has made it relatively easy to become a licensed radio amateur.

TO GET YOUR LICENSE: You must be an American citizen, must pass an FCC exam (about as hard as learning to drive). Cost: nothing. To prepare for exam get in touch with a local ham club for details, or write the American Radio Relay League, La Salle Road, W. Hartford, Conn. and ask for *How to Become a Radio Amateur* and *The Radio Amateur's License Manual*. Each costs 50¢. Most newcomers to amateur radio start with the novice license (code speed five words per minute), good for one year only, then progress to the "general" classification (code speed 13 words per minute), good for five years and renewable indefinitely.

TO OUTFIT A STATION: You will need a receiver capable of covering popular ham bands (1.8-29.7 mcs.). Cost \$29.95 (Heath-

Kit AR-3, assemble and wire at home) to \$695 (Collins 75A-4). You will need a transmitter. Cost: \$35.95 (Heathkit DX-20, assemble and wire at home) to \$2,095 (Collins KW8-1). You will need one or more antennas. A piece of wire between two trees with ordinary TV lead-in will work. Cost: pennies. Or it can be as elaborate as rotating beams for each band on a special tower. Cost: up to \$2,500. Finally, you will need basic home tools such as a screwdriver, a pair of pliers, a knife, a soldering iron.

WHERE TO BUY EQUIPMENT: If you cannot obtain the above-listed essentials, they can be ordered by mail from Harrison Radio Corp., 225 Greenwich Street, or Harvey Radio Co., 163 W. 43rd Street, both New York; from Allied Radio, 109 N. Western Avenue in Chicago; or from Henry Radio Stores, 11240 West Olympic Boulevard in Los Angeles.



HAMS BATTLE FATIGUE during 48-hour DX contest. Here is the team at K2GL, Hazard (Buz) Reeve's station at Tuxedo Park, N.Y. From left: Host Reeves; the author; Dick Deerrance, off duty, Fred Caposella Jr.; and John Ryan of Butte, Mont.

can use either voice or code, the original and still popular dot-dash method of radio communications.

There is too little space on the highways of the ether for the great number of stations traveling on them. So the ham at his own station has to contend with the problem of interference from other hams, as well as the never-ending job of keeping his gear in workable shape. In the early TV days neither ham equipment nor television sets were designed to keep the ham signals from interfering. Now, ham techniques and equipment and TV receivers have improved to the point where television interference from amateurs is a steadily diminishing problem.

Actually, ham radio (ham is a 50-year-old corruption and contraction of amateur) is not simply one activity but many. For the competitive, the rigorous contests are available. But just as all motorists aren't race drivers, so most hams pursue quieter aspects of the hobby. For the tinkerer and do-it-yourself addict there is equipment to put together, tear apart and put together again, equipment handsome enough and complicated enough to satisfy any bio-bug.

The gabber gets a chance to talk endlessly on the airwaves, and the listener can eavesdrop to his heart's content. It's not unusual for round-table *Kaffeeklatch* QSOs to embrace a dozen hams all on one wave length, but located on all six continents. English is the international ham language. English, plus a set of pidgin abbreviations like OM for old man, hangovers from the all-code days when contractions were the natural result of attempts to speed up dot-dash conversations. Also hams use some of the international "Q" signals,

which translate, in any language, into key phrases. A QTH is a location; QRN is static.

There is a little of the collector in us all. Hams carry the stamp dodge one better. For many of them it isn't enough just to have made contact with the remote Russian republic of Uzbek. Who would believe there was such a place? So every ham has his own QSL, or confirmation cards, proof that the QSO (communication) took place. Cards from all 48 states earn a special Worked-All-States certificate. Even tougher is a DX Century Club award, confirmations from 100 countries. A couple of thousand hams have this one, and a handful have cards from 275 countries, which are almost all there are. Another award (issued by the ham magazine CQ) divides the world up into 40 artificial zones, and the trick is to get cards from hams in all of them. Zone 23 is mostly tundra and Tibet, and hams there are as rare as centerfielders. Robert Ford, an R.A.F. radio operator, put Zone 23 on the map, operating from a monastery for a few months eight years ago. Then he was captured by the Communists and became famous as a man who survived five years of attempted brainwashing and Red torture. When he was released in Hong Kong three years ago, the first Westerner to greet him was a British colonel. The officer was a ham first and an Englishman second. He threw his arms around Ford and cried, "Thank God you're alive, Bob. I've been sweating out your QSL card for six and a half years."

SOME hams concentrate on message handling (two New Jersey high school boys have handled over 1,500 telephone patches—relays—for our Antarctica base personnel), oth-

ers get their kicks out of Civil Defense work and still others use their sets only to keep in touch with one or two friends who are also hams.

Just as strangers almost always start to converse in generalities, often inanities, so do hams. The wonder is—and this is the secret thrill of the game—that you can talk at all, that the little black box you built yourself puts your voice and your mind's eye into the home and the consciousness of a human being who may be a missionary in the Congo, an undertaker in Sweden or a schoolboy in Uruguay. Whoever he is you will call him by his first name, even if—and this has happened countless times—you are an Air Force mechanic and the other ham is a four-star general. You will probably not know, and if you do you won't care, whether the lad with the outstanding signal on the high end of 20 meters is tall or short, black or white, Democrat or Republican, Jew or Gentile. And any ham can tell you something about the meaning—or lack of it—of national boundaries. The chances are the fellows he likes to talk to most live a day's flight and a visa away. Through radio they are in his "shack" daily.

To this aficionado, who has been hamming for just a quarter century, and whose shacks have included an airplane over Addis Ababa, a chicken coop in Vermont, a movie house on Broadway and a hotel balcony in Haiti, the ham DX contest is the hobby at its zestiest. The big one just concluded embraced four weekends in February and March—two weekends of 48 hours each for voice operators, two for CW (code) men. There is no law, except common sense, preventing a single operator from working all 48 hours all four weekends.

continued

Indeed, the Hawaiian school teacher named Kataahi Nee, whose call is KH6J, who is this year's champion, regularly does just that. Along with a Virginian (Vic Clark, W4KFC), Nee is just about the best all-round contest man. He builds his own equipment, including a set of huge antennas on towers he raised and climbs himself. He is equally adept at key or microphone. His endurance seems endless. Favored with a location comparatively close to the U.S., he regularly exchanges contest serial numbers and reports with 3,000 U.S. hams in a single competition. He and Clark, year in and year out, are among the top scorers in the world.

The toughest grid is going it alone. The ARRL rules are very strict about single-operator participation. No one else may assist you in any way, either in keeping logs or repairing equipment and certainly not in touching the key or the mike. There is not much more than the honor system to support the operational rules, although there is a log check on contacts.

A milder version of most DX contest hamming, including this year's ARRL affair, is so-called multi-operator participation. Here, a group of hams, prizing sleep more than honor, will get together and take turns operating one or more transmitters at a single chosen station. This is equivalent to joining a relay team, instead of going the mile alone. It's lots of fun, but hardly as demanding.

Perhaps the most elaborate multi-operator station extant is owned by Hazard (Bud) Reeves, K2GL, a superb technician, whose electronic know-how has paid off handsomely in business. He is president of half a dozen successful companies, all with radio overtones. A sizable section of his Tuxedo Park, N.Y. hilltop mansion and surrounding grounds is devoted to a ham station de luxe. Dominating the landscape are two towers, loaded with antennas, both over 100 feet high. The antennas on the towers rotate—squirting the radio signals in favored directions.

The shack is a 30-by-35 upstairs room, dominated by three 1,000-watt transmitters, three top-quality receivers, a room-long workbench, tools by the hundreds, a tape recorder and special operating chairs designed for minimum back strain, in one of which this particular operator



IN COMBINATION BEDROOM-HAM SHACK, AUTHOR PAUSES TO CHAT WITH WIFE KAPPY

collapsed as utterly as if he had stopped a Robinson left hook, at the end of contests in the years when he used to go it all alone.

It was in this luxurious setup that we shared this year's ARRL contest. Reeves flew up from Florida to join six others for one weekend of high-speed contest fun. Reeves does little operating himself. His kicks come from keeping the maze of complicated equipment in operation. Most of the talking was done by Dick Dorrance, a New York advertising executive; Fred Caposella Jr., son of the noted track announcer; John Ryan, an Anaconda Copper heir, who regularly flies across the continent to operate from K2GL because he considers it the best station in the world; Gene Kern, chief of the New York office of the Voice of America; and David Rosen, a young radio announcer.

In the first half hour of the contest we touched all continents. Signals churned into receivers from Japan, New Zealand, Morocco, Portugal, Argentina and nearly every other nook that man has wired for electricity. Contest contacts are quick—an exchange of identifying reports, a time check, serial numbers, hello, goodbye, that's all. But there was time to find out that one of our first contacts was operating from a 1933 station wagon in the Argentine pampas.

Four hours on, four off was our schedule, and before the next day had gone we had worked a rare station in Sarawak, British North Borneo. One of the most unusual of all countries is tiny Kermadec Island, 500 miles off the coast of New Zealand. There is only one ham there, and he operates on a band that usually carries just a few hundred miles. But with a lot of effort and the help of a New Zealand amateur, we made contact with him.

A DX contest score is arrived at by multiplying the number of contacts by the number of countries, working each station only once. But as you operate on a different band of frequencies you can contact the same station all over again for another multiplier. It's quite a trick to catch the same overseas station on all HF bands; in fact, not two stations in an average year manage to swing it. But luck was with us, and in a single four-hour period we talked to Bill Vrooman, HH2Z, who runs Haiti's International Country Club resort, on all seven bands.

The thrills piled up, but so did the problems. Sunday morning the rotating mechanism on one of the towers jammed. We operated at something like half-effectiveness, while Bud fixed it in two hectic hours. Toward the end of the contest a power transformer went west. John Ryan figured out a way to make a replacement spare do the job. Somewhere along the line we were inspired to fashion an extra antenna on the off-chance that it might be useful on a little-used frequency. It wasn't.

At the end of the weekend we had exchanged reports with 600-odd stations in exactly 100 countries, a creditable score, considering we had only participated one weekend out of two. It was far from a record. We had simply had our fun—enough to tire but not exhaust.

But around the world, Venle in the Gaza Strip, Yoneda in Japan, Nee in Hawaii, and a hundred others who had gone it alone staggered red-eyed to their sacks, surfeited with DX, the voices of the whole earth ringing in their battered ears, vowing they would never go through anything like that again. And they won't. Not until next year—when it's DX contest time again.

END

BERMUDA

continued from page 12

finest fleet in history. This might be a consolation to those who fear our country is going soft and seeking the more sedentary sports.

"That finish line looked like Times Square with all those lights converging," said one oddtimer at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club bar as he looked out over the moored fleet. "And next time I'll bet it'll be twice as big."

MITCHELL MAKES HISTORY

by EZRA BOWEN

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's boating editor who was aboard the class A competitor *Dyna*, arrived in Bermuda shortly before *Finisterre* to record his own evaluation of the race.

WHEN Carlston Mitchell won the Bermuda Race for the second time in a row with his 38-foot 8-inch yawl *Finisterre*, he scored the most resounding triumph in the modern history of the race. Not only is he the first man to win this most demanding of all blue-water events twice in succession, but he also has the satisfaction of proving for all time two things which a number of skeptics felt were only half proved by his initial Bermuda victory.

First, he demonstrated that he can win under any conditions against the crack racers of the northeastern fleet, as well as in the Southern Circuit and the Chesapeake, where he made his early reputation.

Second, and more important than any racing victory, he proved the superiority of his ideas of boat design—namely, that a fat, shallow, short-rigged little cruising boat can, under the rating rules of the Cruising Club of America, beat the tallest, slimmest, most powerful racing machines in the Atlantic fleet.

Finisterre's dimensions are, according to all nautical traditions, preposterous for a boat that is going to race against the trim greyhounds of the sea, with their towering rigs and 9-foot keels. Mitchell's yawl, whose lines were drawn up by Sparkman & Stephens, has a draft only 3 feet 11 inches with the centerboard up, and 7 feet 6 inches with the board down. Her water line, the best index to a

continued



boat's potential speed, measures only 27 feet 6 inches. Her beam, drawn strictly for comfort, is a tubby 11 feet 3 inches. She is, in fact, the most extreme example of a type of family boat whose speed is theoretically so hampered by obesity that she is given the most generous of handicaps. And yet she demolished the competition, winning 18 of 30 races through June of 1956. Her success, and that of such distinguished ancestors as *Apraho*, *Escopade*, *Coribbee* and *Morie Amelle*, started a revolution in the design of ocean racers. The slim, statuesque racing queens went out of vogue, and suddenly a lot of people started loving the fat girl.

This was just fine with designers like Philip L. Rhodes, who was one of the pioneers of the class, and with Sparkman & Stephens, which turned itself into a centerboard factory, cranking out *Finisterre* imitators at such a rate that when the fleet went to the line last week for the 1958 Bermuda Race, you could hardly find *Finisterre* for her sisters and step-sisters.

However, the success of *Finisterre*, her design and her skipper, was not so fine with some of the competition. They complained that her rating was too low, and that the recent changes in the Cruising Club Rule (SI, June 16) had not raised it enough. They said, truthfully, that the Bermuda



WINNER Carleton Mitchell (left) is presented with the Bermuda trophy for over-all corrected-time victory by Lieut. General Sir John Woodall, the governor of Bermuda.

Race is a crap shoot. And they said, hopefully, that Mitchell was lucky last time, that he couldn't possibly do it again—not with a record field of 111 boats. In any event, they were sure Mitchell had won in 1956 in his weather—a hard, steady blow that could keep the fat little boat moving.

Then the 1958 race went off. And it went off in nobody's weather. It started with a 28- to 38-knot north-westerly blowing from aft. In two hours it had dropped to a zephyr, then came in fresh from the south-west, meandered around the westerly

quadrant for three days and finally died to one of the most infuriating calms in the history of the race. The leaders wallowed in an agonizing vacuum, sails slapping back and forth in the lumpy sea.

Finally, on the last day, the wind came. It came in from dead ahead, and it came in dead earnest. Lane squalls roared in from a darkening horizon, spitting rain and tearing a gray veil of spume from the surface of the ocean. By noon on that last day many of the big boats, like Jack Hadden's *Good News* and Clayton

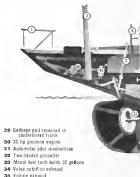
'FINISTERRE': WINNINGEST OCEAN RACER IN THE WORLD

A second look at *Finisterre's* inside (this magazine's readers got their first look in June 1956) shows *Finisterre* as the perfect combination of speed and comfort at sea, able to cruise an ocean safely and outrace anything its size.

LENGTH: 36' 6"
BEAM: 11' 3"
MAST: 48' 6 1/2"
RIG: YAWL



- 1 After pulpit
- 2 Mast
- 3 Clew
- 4 Wheel
- 5 Binnacle
- 6 Movable backrest
- 7 Coordinated compass
- 8 Compass way
- 9 Glass rack
- 10 All-wave radio
- 11 Translucent-bottom dinghy
- 12 Skylight
- 13 Removable graball lamp
- 14 Non-slip vinyl floor
- 15 Manboard
- 16 Forward hatchcover
- 17 Forward ventilator
- 18 Forward pulpit
- 19 Forepeak
- 20 Storage space
- 21 Forward head
- 22 Folding sink
- 23 Mainmast step of steel hull
- 24 Stowaway to stern head
- 25 Removable eye berths for additional crew
- 26 Lead basket on lead weighs 5,000 pounds
- 27 32 1/2 lb. 3-piece centerboard slides 2' 7" to deck
- 28 Centerboard winch and handle



- 29 Garbage pail recessed in centerboard trunk
- 30 32-hp gasoline engine
- 31 Automatic pilot mechanism
- 32 Two-bladed propeller
- 33 Mast lead tank holds 32 gallons
- 34 Valve cutoff on exhaust
- 35 Engine exhaust

Ewing's Dyes, had tucked in reefs and were carrying small, heavy-weather-er fibs. But as the afternoon wore on the wind blew harder. It blew the headsails off a lot of ocean racers. It came near blowing the metal tracks that hold the jib sheet leads off the Navy's big yawl *Royano*.

And it blew *Fuenterre* right down to the finish at St. David's Head, so fast and so far ahead of Mitchell's handicap that from the moment he crossed the line, there was virtually no doubt he was the winner for the second time in a row. There was also no doubt now that Mitchell and his fat little lady friend were the most distinguished couple in the world of ocean racing. The most gallant, perhaps, was Jack Hedden and *Good News*. Only five months ago Hedden was fished from the water when his old boat *Celebes* burned to the water line halfway through the Acapulco Race (SI, Feb. 3). On April 1 Hedden bought *Good News*, and in this, his first major race in the new boat, he was first to cross the line at St. David's Head, first to finish in the 1958 Bermuda Race. The victory, however, belonged to *Fuenterre*, and there no longer could be any sensible criticism of the victory or of the boat or of the skipper. "Mitch," said one Bermuda veteran congratulating the winner, "when you win the Bermuda Race once, it can be luck. But when you win it twice, it's got to be something else."

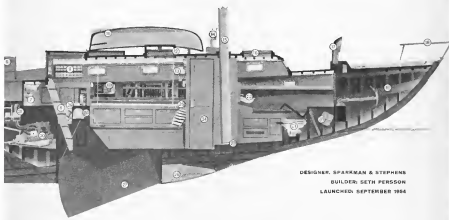
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WESTERNER Jack Hedden (at wheel) sailed lucky, skippered first finisher *Good News*. In the Acapulco Race last February, Hedden sailed unlucky, lost his *Celebes* in a fire. Seated (from left) are Crewmen James Wilhite, Bill Lawhorn, Myron Spaulding, Derek Baylis, Dick Terket. Standing are Charles Ayres, Warwick Tompkins Jr.



SAILMAKER Colin Harty (center, dark shirt) took time from sewing sails for America's Cup defenders, came in second over-all with his 40-foot yawl *Goliwag* after hours of tactical dueling with winner Mitchell. Other crewmen are Robert Eskine, Joseph Walden, Vincent Montesano, Arthur Wulfschlegel and Philip Snyder.



DESIGNER: SPARKMAN & STEPHENS
BUILDER: SETH PERSSON
LAUNCHED: SEPTEMBER 1954



THE EVERYWHERE MARSHAL

That was only one of his roles. He was The Living Bullet, Eagle Boy, a Chinese—and enough trouble for several summer camps

by PAUL MANDEL

A FEW DAYS ago I got my eighth annual spring postcard from John Hay Spiegel Jr. John Hay's handwriting has improved over the years, but his sentiments stay the same. He inquires as to my health, wishes me well and hopes we will spend another summer together. John Hay and I spent quite a remarkable summer together some years ago, and it seems to have stuck with him.

For the summer in question I was a counselor at a camp in upstate New York. The camp was called Missumic which means hills of health in Pawnee or Paiute, I forget which. It was my first camp job, and the first few days were blurry. I don't remember much about John Hay during that early confusion, except that I sat next to him on the bus going up and he vomited just outside of Newburgh.

I had eight campers, ranging from 7 to 8, collectively called the Blackfeet. Within the week I grew to know and love Jerry Tippik, the human vegetable, who would not eat meat and subsisted on soup caudged from other children at the table; Henry Mills, who the summer before had written his mother that his counselor was using his sleeping bag and had threatened to put out his eye if he told anyone; and Stevie Durand, who hid a dead squirrel in his cubby on the first day of camp. The squirrel stayed there until Uncle Toady, the camp director, found it some weeks later. For the first few days I did not learn much about John Hay except that he wouldn't answer to anything less than John Hay.

It rained the fourth or fifth day we were at camp. I returned to the cabin at rest period to find seven Blackfeet lying docile on their bunks and John Hay squatting on top of his cubby. Missumic cubbies were tall, seven or eight feet high; we stowed our campers' gear on their shelves Navy-style, with the folds outboard. John Hay was bent over, his fold outboard. As I entered he flapped his arms up and down and went "Brack!"

"John Hay," I said. "Off of there. You wanna get hurt?"

"Away, paleface," said John Hay. "I am no longer John Hay Spiegel. I am Eagle Boy. I am roosting."

"O.K., Eagle Boy. Down, Eagle Boy roosts on his bunk like the rest of us Indians."

"Brack!" said John Hay. "One step closer, paleface, and Eagle Boy swoops."

"He means it, Uncle Paul," said Jerry Tippik, from his bunk. "Last year Uncle Lenny tried to get him down and he swooped and broke his collarbone."

"How long does he usually stay up there?"

"He's O.K. He stays up until the rain stops. Sometimes he comes down for meals."

The rain stopped by dinner, and Eagle Boy descended as advertised, saying that he had planned to roost for three days but had subsequently received a message telling him to go among the white men. After dinner I found him behind the bunk, burying a salamander beneath a neat heap of round stones.

"What's the matter, Eagle Boy?" I said.

"I'm not Eagle Boy," he said. "Eagle Boy died eating a poisoned boiled chicken at the hands of the treacherous paleface. He has gone to the great bogan. I just buried him." John Hay spent the rest of that evening field-stripping a cap pistol.

MISSUMIC's lake lay at the foot of its hill of health, a precipitous height; whoever named the camp had equated health with big gastrocnemius muscles. A few days after Eagle Boy's demise we had finished morning swim and were toiling up the south face when John Hay ran up to me and said, "Uncle Paul, shoot me!"

I pointed to John Hay, contracted my forefinger and said "bang."

"No! No!" said John Hay. "Shoot me up the hill!"

Jerry Tippik again came to my aid. He took John Hay by the shoulders and trained him around until he was aimed approximately for the Blackfoot cabin. Then young Tippik shielded his face with one hand and pulled

an imaginary lanyard with the other, yoking the latter gesture with a convincing imitation of a howitzer. John Hay leaped forward and ran into a blackberry bush.

"You better get him outta there," said Jerry. "Otherwise he'll stay all day. Just shoot 'im on up. Watch out you don't hit the arts and crafts shack."

"Who's he now?"

"I dunno about this year. Last year it was The Living Bullet."

John Hay, The Living Bullet, it turned out, was a lot more tractable than John Hay, Eagle Boy. Much of the work of a camp counselor is getting campers where they have to go; with The Living Bullet this resolved itself into a simple exercise in artillery. That night I fired John Hay to a wienie roast and back again with no incident other than a miscalculation of windage which ricocheted him off a tree.

For the next several days I salvaged John Hay all over the camp. I even turned his projectibility to the common good. At night all of Missumac's campers—Blackfeet and Iroquois, Seminole and Crow—mustered in front of the flagpole. Surrounding Uncle Toady, they lined up in a rough square for songs, colors and evening admonitions. The first tribe to the lineup got to raise the flag, an honor. By now everybody had won but my Blackfeet; they were under the pernicious influence of John Hay, who insisted that this ceremony was a plot of Uncle Toady's to get the flag down without paying anyone to do it. Accordingly, one evening I took John Hay aside and aimed him toward the Blackfeet space shortly before muster.

"You better watch out, Uncle Paul," said John Hay, who knew when somebody was getting the best of him. "The Living Bullet does not stop until he buries himself in a solid object. There's nothing but grass out there."

"Don't worry, Bullet," I said. "I've got you zeroed in on the flagpole." One thing for The Living Bullet. He played fair. I fired him on the first note of assembly, and he hit the flagpole dead on. He was still brushing himself off as we fell into ranks around him.

THE LIVING BULLET embedded himself here and there until July Fourth. I had suspected that this day might bring interesting changes in John Hay's character and had gone so far as to ask Jerry Tippak what had become of John Hay on July Fourth's previous.

"Two years ago he was George Washington," said Jerry. "Last year he cut off all his hair and was Garibaldi."

This July Fourth, John Hay did not delve into history. For the better part of the day he was nobody, just John Hay, but toward evening his complexion became sallow, he stooped over and his teeth protruded even more than they usually did. By dinnertime the transfiguration of John Hay was complete.

"Let's go to dinner, John Hay," I said.

"Speaking to me only in Chinese, honorable counselor. I am not equipped to answer to your native tongue."

"O.K., who's it this time?"

"I am Chee Pie the Chinaman, from China," he said. "And those are the last words of English you're going to get out of me."

John Hay's manifestation as Chee Pie turned out to be primarily digestive in concern and therefore not so much trouble as I expected. I jumped the language barrier by enlisting the aid of Henry Mills as an interpreter. Henry, who was a creditable Chinese, soon told me that

Chee Pie's beliefs prevented him from eating anything but Chinese food, an awkward dietary code at Missumac, whose staple fare of a weekday night comprised boiled cabbage. But Chee Pie's conception of Chinese food was wider than I might have expected. It included such Cantonese staples as salami, hot dogs and all vegetables and excluded beef liver or boiled chicken, foods which, coincidentally, John Hay also did not like. This

continued

Illustrations by William Steig



"O.K., Eagle Boy. Down."

regimen brought him into quick conflict with his Boswell, Jerry Tipple, the human vegetable; I was called to the phone during dinner that night and returned to find Chee Pie and Jerry fighting over who was going to eat the soup and pickled beets for the rest of the delighted Blackfeet.

Chee Pie eventually disappeared on a bright Wednesday during free play, and for weeks John Hay Spiegel Jr. was himself, not that it was much of an improvement.

Then the John Hay Spiegel seniors came to visit John Hay Junior, and they left him equipped with two cap pistols, a set of chaps and a cowboy hat. John Hay was never one to pass up a couple of good props. On that day The Everywhere Marshal was born.

As Everywhere Marshal, John Hay regarded himself as entrusted with the preservation of law and order everywhere—hence his title. The Everywhere Marshal was urbane, as lawmakers go; he did not talk with a twang, he did not swagger and he eschewed a horse, visible or invisible. Nor was he prone to gunfighting. "A good lawman doesn't draw his guns," confided The Everywhere Marshal to me one day, when he was outlining his current campaign against a dope-smuggling ring running amidst the Seminoles. "My job's to catch 'em. Somebody else can do the dirty work."

The Everywhere Marshal's clean work was investigatory in character and by nature covert. This made it no easy job to keep track of him. One morning he disappeared shortly before we were scheduled to go on a nature walk. I walked anyway, in a squirming internal fit since it is bad form for a counselor to lose one or more of his charges. When we got back I ordered the seven visible Blackfeet onto their cots for a who-can-stay-in-bed-the-longest contest and set out to find The Marshal. I found him sprawled in a daisy patch, his chin resting on his arms.

"John Hay," I said. "What exactly do you think you're doing?"

"Practicing," he said.

"Practicing what?"

"Lying quietly. Some day it'll come in handy."

As the weeks went on the scope of The Everywhere Marshal's activities increased. I gave up trying to herd him into nature-walking or head-stringing and left him to his own devices, the complexity of which I still find appalling.

There was a secret Communist radio in the Iroquois cabin, there was a midget Uruguayan frogman in the lake, there was a case of firecrackers concealed beneath the waiters' hut. The Everywhere Marshal lay quietly and watched.

Two weeks before camp closed The Everywhere Marshal got onto a big one. The Crows were maintaining a clandestine hamster farm beneath their bunk, using a pair of hamsters which had unaccountably disappeared from the nature shed. "I'm going to put it to those Crows fair and square,"

said His Honor. "Either the hamsters go back, or I'm writing a note to Uncle Toady."

This was bad business, and I tried to tell The Marshal why. Looking for the frogman or the Communist radio was one thing, I explained, but rattling on his campers was very different.

"I don't see that," said The Marshal. "What's wrong is wrong."

"You're going to be a Crow next year—"

"If my family thinks you did a good job this summer."

"And you're going to have to live with these guys."

"They're going to have to live with me. Anyway, I'm easing over to their bunk. I heard their hamster wheeled. I'm gonna set up a parley for tomorrow morning."

I had charge of the Crow cabin that night. There were conferences, giggles, and a committee was mixing something in a fire bucket. The morrow loomed as a bad day for The Everywhere Marshal, I felt.

The next morning The Marshal told me that his parley was coming off at 9:40, around the back of the arts and crafts shack. At 9:35 The Marshal threw his guns on his cot, tightened up his chaps and walked blinking out into the sun. "You can come along if you want," he said, over his shoulder.

There was a long glassless window out in the back of arts and crafts. Beneath it slouched two Crows.

"You came on your own, I'm glad to see," said The Marshal. What I was not so glad to see was that the rest of the Crows had come on their own and were lined up behind the long window, keeping out of The Marshal's line of sight. "I'll put it to you fair and square." The Marshal took a piece of paper out of his pocket. "Here's a pardon. Give me back the hamsters. I'll sign this, and the matter dies. Otherwise..."

"Otherwise," said the taller Crow, jumping up and down. "This!" Out from the window popped his fellow tribesmen. One held the fire bucket, the rest assorted containers.

"Quicklime!" shouted one, dumping the contents of his box on The Marshal.

"Acid?" Over went the pail.

"It takes a while to work"

"You'll last an hour, Marshal!"

"No sweat, Marshal, it's painless after your nerves shrivel!"

Finally the Crows stopped shouting. The Marshal had backed up, and he was rubbing diabolical mixtures out of his eyes. He was soaked through, and the chaps clung to his legs. He stood there for a minute, then he walked back toward the building, holding the dripping pardon in his outstretched hand, and I was surprised to see that there was a bit of a smile about him. Stopping and planting his feet wide apart, John Hay Spiegel Jr. tore up the pardon, let the pieces flutter to the ground and put his hands on his hips.

"Not only am I Everywhere Marshal," he said. "I am Everything Proof."

I hope he hasn't changed. It seems like a sound way for a boy growing up nowadays to be.



"Speaking to me only in Chinse, honorable counselor."

19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE YANKEES (CONT.)

Sirs:

Dr. Schlissel has been heard from again (19TH HOLE, June 16). Mr. Woodcock's article to which he refers is to be commended. The point that perfection does not always insure box-office appeal is solid.

Dr. Schlissel's suggestion that the Yankees be dispersed among American League teams is no solution. The face of baseball, especially in the American League, has changed. Despite demands from several corners, the Yankee organization has made baseball big business. It incorporates the most efficient business procedures, and the result has been a product so smooth that its consumer appeal has diminished. One might ask, "When is a sport not a sport?" One might answer, "When it is Yankee baseball."

The other teams in the American League will have to accept the standards set by the Yankees and rise to them. Only the naive assume that baseball is to be anything but a business proposition for the men who finance it. If they are to avoid bankruptcy as far as pennants and World Series are concerned, they have no other choice. The Yankees have built an empire. It was not built in a day, as goes the cliché.

There are many people who are bored with Yankee victories year after year, but they are not people who write letters to editors. Isn't there anyone in the New York area who believes that there is something wrong in a sport when the competition results in a struggle for second place because first place—over the long season—is awarded to the same team each season, even before the season has started?

ELIZABETH L. DEHN

Mt. Vision, N.Y.

Sirs:

Let's be sensible. Dr. Schlissel's idea of breaking up the Yankees is ridiculous. To be sure, the Yankees have been ahead in the final standings for the last several years, but why break up a great team? Let the other teams in the American League rise to the occasion.

JOHN GENDLER

Albert Lea, Minn.

Sirs:

The Tigers don't need Kubek from the Yankees, they need George Weiss! Detroit has been operating without a major league general manager since 1945.

Let's break up New York, but be sure the parting Tigers get Weiss. The hell with Mantle, Tarley, etc. We want Weiss! We need Weiss.

PETE FREDERICK

Houghton Lake, Mich.

Sirs:

If you must break up our Yankees, please at least leave us just Casey to talk to.

DICK DAFT

Peterborough, N.H.

O'MALLEY'S HIT PARADE

Sirs:

Here's a bit of verse, a parody of the current pop hit, that is making the rounds of the L.A. environs these days. Hope your readers enjoy it.

ODE TO O'MALLEY

He's got the whole world in his hands,

He's got the L.A. council in his hands,

He's got Chavez Ravine in his hands,

But he's only got a last place team.

He's got the litty bitty babies with bats in their hands,

He's got the pony leaguers sitting miles from the stands,
He's got a cheap 'ladder' day when a sprinkler lands,
But he's only got a last-place team.

He's got the television tied up in his hands,
He's got the shut ins crying from his demands,
He's got the sportswriters lying to all the fans,
But he's only got a last-place team.

He's got the mayor and his cronies in his hands,
He's got the Hollywood phones in his hands,
He's got the whole damned world in his hands,
But he's only got a last-place team.

S. B. BADGER

Los Angeles

• For another home town report on the Dodgers see page 28.—ED.

MOTORCYCLING: WELCOME!

Sirs:

As it is not often that we have the pleasure of welcoming an American rider to the Tourist Motor Cycle Races in the Isle of Man (SCRAMBOLAND, June 16), it is hoped that this photograph of John Marcotte of California will prove of interest. The Bishop of Sodor and Man provides an interesting background.

For a newcomer, Marcotte performed admirably well, after averaging over 57 mph in the junior Tourist Trophy event,

he rode the same machine in the senior event and increased his average to 83 mph. For his performance, he was awarded a bronze replica of the main trophy.

Motorcycle racing enjoys a very high standing on this side of the Atlantic and attracts many thousands of spectators. It is to be hoped that on future occasions it will be possible for additional riders from the U.S. to compete and they are assured of a tremendous welcome.

J. M. WEST

London, England



continued

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In the July 7 Issue of
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
 On newsstands July 3

19TH HOLE continued

O'MALLEY'S GLASS HOUSE

Sims:

In 19TH HOLE, April 21, you published a telegram from Los Angeles Dodger President Walter O'Malley referring to the boo-boo made by Artist Ravielli in sketching baseball stitches. I have enjoyed the exactness in the figure drawing



of Ravielli for months, particularly his Hogan golf series, and feel that his stitch error was minor.

Just yesterday I noticed one of O'Malley's own posters (see picture) and guess what? The same error on the baseball occurred!

He who lives in a glass house shouldn't throw curves!

ARNOLD F. ECKLUND

San Pedro, Calif.

CONSUMER REACTION

Sims:

I am one of those known in the trade as an "impulse buyer"; anyway impulse made me buy the June 16 issue because of the action shots of Hoad and Gonzales.

Frankly I am not interested enough in sports to subscribe to any sports magazine, but that article by Joel Sayre (*George's Roaring River*, SI, June 16, 28) is one of the most exciting I have ever read, even of his.

You keep publishing Sayre, and I'll keep buying. And thanks for the tennis pictures.

ANNE PERKINS

New York City

• You're welcome.—ED.

JEMALI FURNING FOOTNOTES

Sims:

In answer to Jimmy Jemali's HOTBOX question regarding the 250-foot screen at the L.A. Coliseum (SI, June 16), Mr. Frank Lane claims that if Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs is broken, the new record should bear a "qualifying footnote."

Permit me to ask Mr. Lane this: Does



If you're in New York on business or on pleasure, or simply because you live there—Rockefeller Center is always a sight to see.

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he feel that a "qualifying footnote" should appear on Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs?

When Ruth set that record (1927) a ball which hit fair territory in the outfield and then bounced into the stands was recorded as a home run. The precise number of such home runs which Ruth hit that year never was recorded officially. And rightly so. According to the official ruling such a hit was a home run, not a ground rule double as it is now.

But, if I follow Mr. Lane correctly, any record established under "easy conditions" should be qualified with a footnote. This is nonsense. Suppose one of Cleveland's hurlers pitched a no-hitter against the Yankees on a day when all their regulars were sidelined with injuries? Would Mr. Lane then "qualify" the no-hitter with a "footnote" because it was pitched under "easy conditions"?

He'd fume to the gills at such a suggestion.

JOHN R. KANE

New York City

● Many baseball buffs have long been bothered by the possibility that some of the record-setting 60 homers hit by Ruth in 1927 might have bounced into the bleachers from the outfield—a hit now good for only two bases. Recently, however, evidence from two top experts indicates that purlists can put away their doubts, that home runs hit by the Babe flew all the way. For instance, Baseball Statistician Seymour Siwoff, editor of the *Little Red Book of Big League Baseball*: "I have searched the newspaper files and studied the reports of the 1927 games and nowhere do I find a bounce-in home attributed to Ruth." Corroborating Siwoff's findings is the testimony of Sportswriter Arthur Mann, who covered the 1927 Yankee games for the *Evening World*. Writes Mann: "I cannot recall any of Ruth's 60 home runs bouncing in from the playing field. What is more important, my scorebook shows none." But Mann's scorebook does indeed show a number of bounce-in homers hit by others, including one by Ruth's teammate, Lou Gehrig.—ED.

TRUCK TRIPS ABROAD

Sir:

Reader *Justus* (1978 *HIGH*, June 2) may be interested to know that *Track & Field News* will lead a tour to the Rome Olympics, just as we have to the past two Olympics. Mr. Justus is invited to join the more than 200 track and field fans who have accompanied our group to great international meetings since 1928. And while planning for the 1980 Olympics is going ahead at full speed we have three groups going to Europe this summer: for the British Empire Games in Cardiff, Wales; for the European Athletic Championships in Stockholm, and for the U.S.A. vs. U.S.S.R. meet in Moscow.

BERT NELSON

Publisher *Track & Field News*
Los Altos, Calif.

More winning Pro's are playing modern... U.S. ROYAL SPECIALS



At the Bing Crosby Tournament, Pebble Beach, U. S. Stuffers, left to right, (standing) Bob Hill, Joe Conrad, Al Bessellink, Ken Venturi, (kneeling) Gene Bone, Peter Mazur, Bill Parker, Everett Ruess, Fred Hawkins, Eddie Merrens—all played U. S. Royal Specials.

This ball was developed especially for good, solid-swinging golfers. That's why so many winning professionals—up-and-coming champions like the group above

—are giving it the big play. Hit

with a firm impact, the Royal

Special gives a wonderful "click"

and lively feel...and rockets for those

precious extra yards. One reason: new

improved cover—armor-tough yet thinner to permit the release of the "inner" power of the ball. Why not try the great Royal

Special yourself. Sold only through golf professionals' shops.



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The facts are clear. They've been confirmed by Stillwell & Gladding, Inc., Independent Analytical Chemists.

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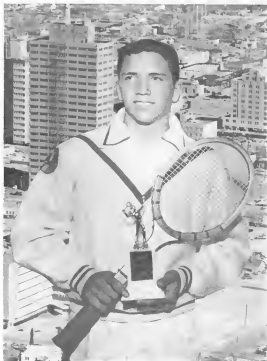
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Pat on the back



JON S. GOTTSCHALL

'This is the sport for competitors'

This summer hundreds of towns are staging a sports event unheard of and unimaginable 10 years ago, a well-organized and highly publicized regional tennis tournament for boys and girls. The purpose behind this is twofold: to encourage sports participation and to kindle in the highly gifted young athlete an interest in competitive tennis.

In Midland, Texas, a town that had no tennis court five years ago, 120 boys and girls turned out for its regional tournament. After two days of competition 17-year-old Jon Gottschall took the junior singles title

and was posed proudly against Midland's skyline. Gottschall now gets a chance to compete in the Texas State tournament, with a hopeful eye on the nationals held Aug. 5-9 in Chapel Hill, N.C.

The tournaments are organized by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, a vigorous organization (4,000 local chapters) with the reputation of knowing how to translate a good cause into a successful plan of action. "What we are hoping for," says Jaycee Tennis Chairman Bill Talbert, "is that the next Willie Mays or Bob Mathias will turn to tennis as his sport."

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